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CORRESPONDENCE

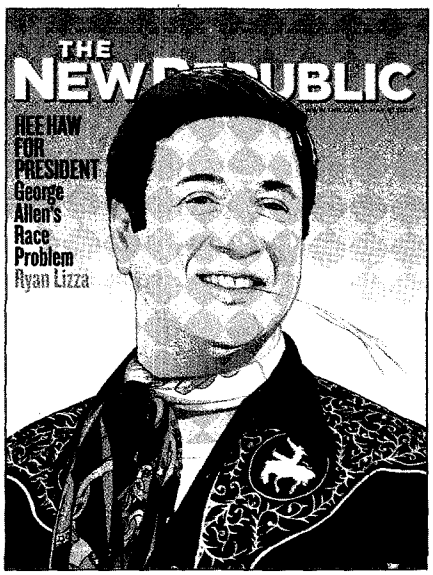
BLACK HOLE

RYAN LIZZA PRESENTS RATHER flimsy evidence in painting Senator George Allen as, at best, a friend of racists ("Pin Prick," May 8). Most troubling, however, is the assumption that the Republican nominee must court blacks. President Bush courted the black vote more aggressively than any previous Republican nominee. He appointed blacks to significant posts in his administration, his No Child Left Behind Act was passed with the intention of forcing schools to teach poor black children, and, through his foreign policy, he has arguably done more good for more nonwhites in the world than any modern leader. Bush was rewarded for these efforts with a whopping 11 percent of the black vote in 2004. If that weren't enough, the president is regularly branded a racist in some political circles, and, when he attended the funeral for civil rights leader Coretta Scott King earlier this year, he was criticized in several eulogies. Allen's "ugly" past won't be nearly as much of an obstacle to getting black support as the "R" next to his name.

NEIL REEDY
Falls Church, Virginia

VICTOR'S HISTORY

BENNY MORRIS WILL NO DOUBT convince many that the major leaders of the Yishuv and the subsequent Israeli state did not intend to "transfer" the Palestinian population from its land; that the dispossession of the indigenous people was an unfortunate consequence of war; that Israel originally hoped to live at peace with the Palestinians; and that righteous Israel—its back ever up against the wall—remains an upstanding and honorable democracy ("And Now For Some Facts," May 8). But none of this is true. Whatever the merits of John Mearsheimer and Stephen Walt's argument about the Israel Lobby, it remains a fact that several million Palestinians have been illegally and brutally dispossessed of their homeland (as Morris himself so powerfully demonstrated in his work of an earlier decade)—and that, after stealing Jerusalem and building a Berlin Wall on Palestinian soil, Israel is now getting ready to give back to those beleaguered Palestinians several tiny pieces of their country for a pseudo-state while it expropriates the rest of the West Bank. The special pleading of apologists like Morris can only underscore the Mearsheimer-Walt thesis that Israel does not deserve the support of the United States, a nation that wishes to be seen as a champion of democracy and social justice.



STEVE KOWIT
Potrero, California

THE ANALOGY THAT "ISRAEL IS A Jewish state, as France is ... a French state and Britain is a British state" is both flawed and revealing. French citizenship is not restricted to those with French ancestry; English citizenship is not an entitlement for members of the Church of England. The global community has rightly condemned the imposition of self-defined national identities when they necessitate the exclusion, dispossession, and transfer of those deemed undesirable. This is so whether it is the Nazis' promotion of "voluntary" emigration of German Jews before the Holocaust, the institutionalization of white privilege and the creation of black Bantustans by South Africa, or Slobodan Milosevic's vision for a Greater Serbia through the "ethnic cleansing" of Bosnians and Croats. Beneficiaries of discriminatory systems have always, like Morris, found historical justifications for their entitlement. Victims will always find such justifications unconvincing and morally repugnant.

MARTHA REESE
River Forest, Illinois

MORRIS MISCHARACTERIZES THE findings of Human Rights Watch (HRW) when he claims that it "and other non-partisan bodies ... upheld the Israeli version" of what happened in the Jenin refugee camp in April 2002. HRW conducted a detailed investigation into the Israeli army operation there in the immediate aftermath of the fighting and published its findings in a 50-page report in May 2002. As one of the authors of that report, I take strong exception to Morris's description. HRW concluded that the army committed serious violations of the laws of war during its Jenin operation—some of them amounting to prima facie war crimes. Our research established that at least 22 civilians—including young, elderly, and disabled persons—were killed during the IDF operation, not the "five or six" Morris tries to attribute to our research. Some of those killings amounted to the summary execution of civilians clearly under the control of IDF soldiers. Our research certainly did not establish that

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the IDF took "great operational care to avoid civilian casualties." Instead, HRW concluded that "many [of the civilian deaths] could have been avoided if the IDF had taken proper precautions to protect civilian life during its military operation, as required by international humanitarian law." Moreover, Israeli soldiers also used Palestinian civilians as "human shields" to protect themselves from Palestinian gunmen—a serious violation of the laws of war. Even after the fighting in Jenin ceased, the IDF continued to demolish Palestinian homes, ultimately razing more than 140 dwellings and severely damaging an additional 200, making an estimated 4,000 Palestinians homeless.

There is no doubt that there were Palestinian militants in the Jenin refugee camp and that some of these militants engaged in fierce fighting with the IDF. HRW's report pulls no punches in criticizing the actions of the Palestinian militants, and it objectively describes the challenges the IDF faced in fighting these militants in a densely populated refugee camp. But Morris is completely off the mark when he claims that our detailed report upholds the Israeli version of what happened in Jenin—unless the IDF has come around to admitting that its soldiers committed war crimes and killed nearly two dozen civilians during their Jenin operation.

PETER BOUCKAERT
Emergencies Director
Human Rights Watch
Harare, Zimbabwe

BENNY MORRIS RESPONDS:
Peter Bouckaert is nitpicking—and, in the process, pulling the wool over our eyes. My point was that the Arabs (and much of the world press) lied—fundamentally lied—about what had happened in Jenin. They said that Israel had committed a large-scale massacre of civilians at the site, where, in fact, as the Human Rights Watch report admits, there had been a battle between Israeli soldiers and their Arab counterparts. The Arabs had fought from behind a vast "human shield"—the refugee camp—and, in consequence, civilians had also been killed. I assume that his count of civilians killed is based on the testimony of Arabs; Palestinian spokesmen have, during the past years, consistently inflated the number of civilians killed and deflated the number of gunmen (simply by identifying dead gunmen as civilians). In any event, Bouckaert implicitly concedes my main points: Most Arabs killed in Jenin were gunmen; there was no massacre (and I would tend to doubt his assertion that Israeli troops executed captured civilians; again, the statement is based on Arab testimony); and some two dozen Israeli soldiers died in the battle (losses that could have been completely avoided had Israel simply razed the gunmen's bastions, though that would possibly have been a real war crime). Bouckaert simply omits any mention of why the IDF attacked Jenin in the first place—because terrorists based there had sent out suicide bombers who had killed many dozens of civilians in Israel's cities (and with complete deliberation, not as an unintended byproduct of chaotic combat).

Not "several million" Palestinians—actually some 700,000—were dispossessed in 1948, and my main point stands: They started a war, and they paid the price.

A MODEST PROPOSITION

Peter Skerry and Devin Fernandes claim that Proposition 187—which denied illegal immigrants access to public education and other taxpayer-funded services and was approved by Californians in 1994 by 18 points—turned voters against Republicans and precipitated the decline of the state party ("Citizen Pain," May 8). But the evidence shows otherwise. As *National Journal* pointed out on April 8, 54 percent of first-generation immigrants voted for the initiative. Independents favored it by 62 to 38 percent. "Nor is [Proposition 187] responsible for turning Latinos against Republicans in subsequent elections," wrote John Maggs in *National Journal*. "[T]hese results have more to do with the Republican Party's selection of candidates than with resentment over Prop. 187."

LAMAR SMITH
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Skerry and Fernandes repeat the myth that it was Governor Pete Wilson's support of Proposition 187 that reduced the California Republican Party to minority status. The reality is that California was already a blue state by 1994. George H.W. Bush got 51 percent of California's vote in 1988, compared with 54 percent nationwide—an early sign of a blue trend. In 1992, he scored 33 percent in the state compared with 37 percent nationally. In the same election year, California sent two very liberal Bay-area Democrats to the U.S. Senate. As anyone who has motored around the Southwest should know, there has been a tremendous, underreported migration of demographically Republican voters out of California over the past generation, mostly to contiguous states. This development has been overshadowed by the in-migration of foreign-born residents to media centers like Los Angeles. The next census may, for the first time in living memory, show a declining relative share for the Golden State of the national population, resulting in a loss of congressional seats. California's days as a trendsetter in American politics are over, in the same way that New York lost such status decades ago, for many of the same reasons.

The real lesson is that illegal immigration—along with racial preferences, as suggested by California's vote in favor of the anti–affirmative action Proposition 209—is one of those issues that can induce Democrats and Democratic-leaning swing voters to pull the Republican lever. It is often forgotten that Proposition 187 passed overwhelmingly in blue California and that Wilson won reelection emphatically because he staked out a position while his opponent dithered. I'm sympathetic to efforts to liberalize citizenship rules for immigrants, but no one should be under any illusion that a hard line on illegal immigration is risky politics—or a greater threat to the Republicans than to the Democrats.

MARK RICHARD
Columbus, Ohio

PETER SKERRY AND DEVIN FERNANDES RESPOND:
In one brief note, Representative Lamar Smith manages to miss both the forest and the trees. In the name of citing "evidence," he points to poll data indicating that a majority of immigrant voters supported California's Proposition 187 in 1994. Unfortunately, the

continued on page 41

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Good Old Boy

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

"CLINTON'S THIRD WAY failed miserably. It . . . delivered nothing." So wrote Markos Moulitsas, the most influential online activist in the Democratic Party, in the May 7 *Washington Post*. It's not an unusual view. In his wildly successful book, *What's the Matter with Kansas?*, Thomas Frank says that, in the 1990s, Democrats committed "suicide." Among liberal activists today, the claim that Clintonism represents a failed model—which contemporary Democrats must reject—has virtually become conventional wisdom.

The case against Clintonism comes in two parts: one moral and intellectual, the other political. I'll tackle the first this week; the second next week. What unites them is a deep amnesia about the party—and the country—that Bill Clinton inherited. The attack on Clinton founders on one simple question: compared with what?

The moral and intellectual critique starts with the assertion that Clinton stood for little other than his own political survival. By draining the party of its core convictions, the critics allege, he left Democrats in the intellectual wasteland in which they find themselves today.

The charge ignores two small things: the 1970s and the 1980s. In reality, the Democratic Party didn't lose the confidence of its convictions when Clinton became president; it lost them when he was in graduate school. From Harry Truman through Lyndon Johnson, Democrats stood for three basic things: enlightened anti-communism, an expanding welfare state, and racial integration. Between 1968 and 1972, under pressure from Vietnam and racial conflict, two of those three collapsed. By 1972, George McGovern was urging the virtual abandonment of anti-communism and advocating racial quotas. Then, in 1976, Democrats nominated a relative economic conservative, Jimmy Carter, who showed little interest in extending Johnson's Great Society largesse. And, poof—there went principle number three.

From 1976 to 1992, each Democratic presidential nominee tried to put Humpty Dumpty back together, and each failed, until Clinton. Carter ran on character—as a decent, capable man who embodied the small-town virtues forsaken by Richard Nixon. And it worked—until economic recession and the hostage crisis stripped him of his reputation for competence and left him ideologically naked.

In 1984, the Democrats nominated Carter's vice president, Walter Mondale, who looked like a prisoner of the party's fractious, multicultural factions. While serving numerous parochial interests, his campaign never defined any broader national one. As one Mondale speechwriter admitted, "We had a hell of a time putting down on paper what this campaign was going to be all about."

In 1988, Michael Dukakis barely even tried. "This election is not about ideology," he declared. "It's about competence." And, when Lee Atwater shrewdly invoked cultural issues like crime and the Pledge of Allegiance, which required not merely technocratic solutions, but statements of belief, he crumbled.

This, like it or not, is the history that preceded Clinton. He did not create liberalism's crisis of faith; he inherited it. And, in 1992, he became the first candidate in two decades to offer a coherent response. His adviser Bill Galston called it the "politics of reciprocal responsibility." Government would provide opportunity, but it would demand responsibility in return; it would not give something for nothing. This idea—manifested in Clinton's pledge to "end welfare as we know it"—angered some liberals. But it told blue-collar whites that Democrats would distinguish between people who "played by the rules" and those who didn't. (Clinton's tough stance on crime sent the same message.) By the time Clinton signed welfare reform in 1996, the public's image of government was changing. When people thought of the beneficiaries of government help, they were more likely to think of people like themselves.

If Clinton convinced Americans that government action could be moral, he also convinced them that it could be responsible. By reducing the budget deficit, he helped restore the Democratic Party's reputation for economic stewardship, which had been gravely damaged under Carter. And, by using market mechanisms to achieve traditional liberal goals, he found ways to fight poverty in an environment where large new programs were politically impossible.

To be sure, Clinton sometimes bobbed and weaved. But these two principles—the willingness to make moral judgments (think of school uniforms or the V-Chip) and the recognition that social justice does not always require new programs (think of Al Gore's reinventing government)—were the most important intellectual innovations in the Democratic Party in two decades.

And they worked. Clinton's 1993 decision to cut the budget deficit rather than propose substantial new spending helped lay the groundwork for an extraordinary economic boom. And, unlike the boom of the '80s, Clinton's genuinely benefited the poorest Americans. Under Ronald Reagan, 50,000 children escaped poverty; under Clinton, more than 4 million did. During Clinton's tenure, income rose faster for blacks and Latinos than for whites, and faster for single mothers than for two-parent families. By 2000, black and Latino poverty were at their lowest levels ever recorded.

And it wasn't only the economic boom. Clinton raised the minimum wage, he created SCHIP, which offered health insurance to children of the working poor, and he dramatically expanded the Earned Income Tax Credit (EITC). These initiatives rewarded work, and none required large new government bureaucracies. But, on the ground, they changed lives. When Clinton left office, the poverty rate was 11 percent. But, as Ronald Brownstein has noted, when you factor in government policies, especially the larger EITC, it dropped to 9 percent. During Clinton's presidency, the percentage of Americans living in poverty fell by one-quarter. And, without particular policies based on a particular vision of government, that would not have happened. Morally and intellectually, Clintonism wasn't a miserable failure; it was a success.

The same is true politically. But that's for next week.

PETER BEINART

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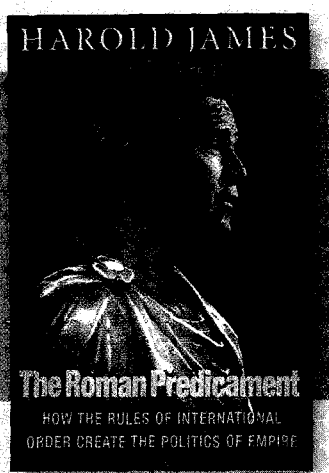
Examining the Times



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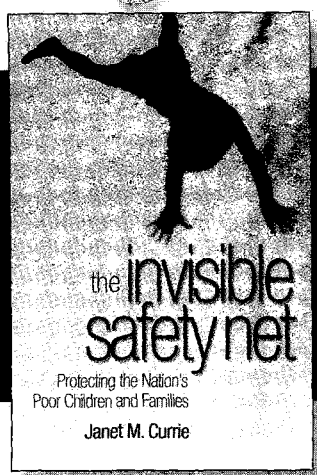

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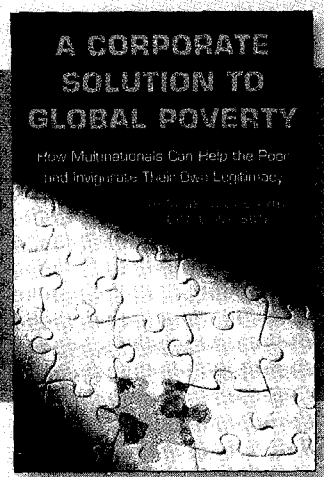

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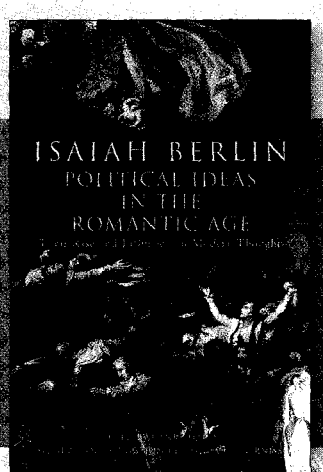

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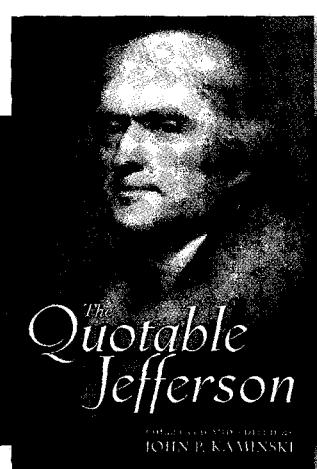

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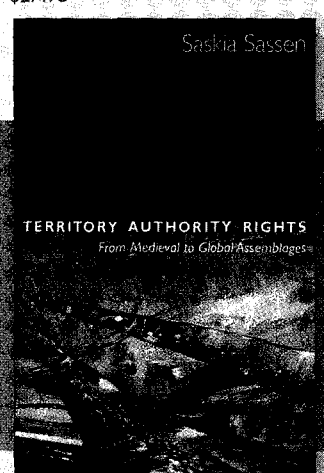

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Again, Part II

WE RECENTLY ARGUED THAT the West's handling of Darfur suggests it has learned nothing from previous genocides. And, three years into the killing in Sudan, it appears the West has learned nothing from *this* genocide, either. The most important lesson it has failed to absorb is that the Sudanese regime is composed, in the words of Darfur expert Alex de Waal, of "serial war criminals." Last month, the West once again put its faith in a promise from these criminals to end the violence—this time in the form of a peace deal the government reached with one of the three rebel groups. But we have been here before: In April 2004, Khartoum agreed to a cease-fire with Darfur rebels; in July 2004, it promised Kofi Annan that it would disarm the *Janjaweed* militias; in November 2004, it made the promise once again in another agreement with the rebels. Yet at no point did the genocide abate; and still, today, after years of diplomacy, the *Janjaweed* continues to terrorize civilians in Darfur and eastern Chad. Meanwhile, millions of Darfuris remain confined to camps, where they are dependent on humanitarian assistance that is running out and no closer to returning home than they were before.

If we are serious about stopping this genocide, we cannot rely on peace agreements or further expressions of good intent from Sudanese officials. Indeed, we must acknowledge that any approach to stopping the genocide that is acceptable to Khartoum is probably not an approach that will actually end the killing. Saving Darfur requires military intervention—intervention only the West can provide.

The African Union currently has 7,000 peacekeepers in Darfur. But they do not have the numbers, equipment, or mandate to confront the *Janjaweed*. The United Nations is planning to augment that force with its own troops in the coming months. But China and Russia (veto-wielding members of the Security Council and allies of Khartoum) will probably insist that U.N. troops deploy under a passive Chapter VI mandate rather than under a more robust Chapter VII mandate, which would allow them to more aggressively confront combatants and protect civilians. What's more, Sudanese officials are now backpedaling on whether they will allow U.N. troops into Darfur at all.

A far more effective way to stop the genocide would be with a NATO-led force that doesn't wait for Khartoum's permission. The consensus among experts is that it would take approximately 20,000 troops to secure Darfur. Of that number, about 5,000 would be needed to force a stand-down of the *Janjaweed* and Khartoum's regular military forces. To the other 15,000 would fall the less confrontational tasks of securing the border with Chad; protecting the camps, where refugees and internally displaced persons are still being raped and harassed by the *Janjaweed*; guarding humanitarian corridors, so that aid groups can resume deliveries of desperately needed food and medical supplies; and, eventually, securing the safe return of non-Arab Darfuris to their villages so they can begin the long process of rebuilding their lives.

These latter troops could come from any country—Western or non-Western—that traditionally supplies peacekeepers for international missions. By contrast, the 5,000 troops tasked with the heaviest lifting should be the best-trained and best-equipped the West has to offer. They should enter the region first—after NATO has established control over an existing air base—and clear the way for the arrival of the rest of the forces. Working from the ground and the air, their primary objective should be to stop attacks by the *Janjaweed* and, where necessary, confront rebel groups as well.

The idea that the Iraq war has made it impossible for NATO to come up with 5,000 troops is popular but simply untrue. Two years ago, the British army's chief of staff stated that his country alone could deploy 5,000 troops to Darfur. France has more than 100,000 soldiers not currently deployed, while Germany has nearly 200,000. Yes, the United States will have to supply troops as a signal of its commitment to the mission, and, yes, U.S. air power and weaponry will invariably be used. But saving Darfur does not require enormous numbers of American personnel. What it *does* require is American leadership. On Darfur, as on Bosnia and Kosovo just a decade ago, Europe is paralyzed. And so President Bush needs to rally our allies to action. We'd suggest a high-profile speech at NATO headquarters in Brussels. No, Bush is not the perfect man for the job, but—with the African Union and the United Nations unable to rescue Darfur, and

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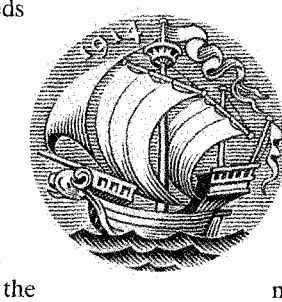
with Europe unlikely to act on its own—he may be Darfur's only hope.

Would Khartoum resist intervention? Absolutely, if, by resistance, we mean that Sudanese officials will protest loudly. But will they actually confront NATO militarily? They would be crazy to do so. And, while Sudan's leaders are evil, they are also pragmatic: They have shown time and again that their highest allegiance is to their own power. (Their decisions to cut their once-strong ties with Al Qaeda under pressure from the Clinton administration and to ally with the United States after September 11 are but two examples of their fundamental realism.) If NATO announced, at the outset of the conflict, that it would bomb Sudanese targets if Khartoum obstructed the mission in Darfur, there is every reason to believe that government forces would hold their fire. Still, if Iraq has taught America anything, it is the need to anticipate all potential scenarios. And so we must prepare for the possibility that Sudan's leaders would confront our troops. If they did, NATO would have to follow through on its threat and attack Sudanese military installations from the air until Khartoum got the message. This is precisely the strategy that NATO used in Kosovo—and it worked.

Once NATO forces have ended the genocide, the peace can (and should) be kept by the United Nations, as tribal leaders begin the long process of reconciliation. The ultimate goal of Western intervention is not to make Darfur an independent nation; it is to establish an international protectorate that would seal Darfur off from the rest of Sudan, insulating the area from both Khartoum's troops and its penchant for manipulating the region's ethnic politics. This would create the political space for traditional tribal leaders to reassert their authority and rebuild the institutions that once guaranteed peaceful co-existence between Arab and African Darfuris. Yes, this means a sustained and expensive commitment from the international community. Seven years after NATO bombed its way into Kosovo, the region's political status remains unresolved, and international peacekeepers continue to patrol the province. But, for all the difficulties of the conflict's aftermath, few regret that NATO acted to end ethnic cleansing in Kosovo when it did. In Darfur, we can be sure of two things: that restoring normality to the region will not be easy and that we have no choice but to try.

In recent weeks, two objections to Western intervention in Darfur have gained currency. The first is that American troops entering another Muslim country would further inflame anti-American sentiment around the world. We are not so sure. True, the perpetrators of the Darfur genocide are Muslims, but, as in the Balkans, the victims are Muslims, too. Some, including Osama bin Laden himself, have raised the possibility that Al Qaeda would fight Western forces in Darfur. Yet, if it is the worldwide struggle for hearts and minds that concerns us, then a scenario in which Al Qaeda abets genocide against a Muslim population would seem a favorable one for the United States. This is not Iraq: A few weeks ago, thousands of Darfuris demonstrated in a camp, chanting, "Welcome, welcome, USA. Welcome, welcome, international force." Potentially, an intervention in Darfur could help restore, rather than further erode, America's moral standing in the world community. And if not? If the worst happens and the West is vilified in the Muslim world for its mission to Darfur? Then the United States has to weigh the costs of such vilification against the moral imperative of saving hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of lives. We think that calculation yields a clear answer.



The second objection is more fundamental. Some have alleged that those who favor intervention in Darfur misunderstand the nature of the conflict there: It is a civil war, they say, not a genocide, and, while the government's tactics have been brutal, the rebels are no angels, either. By this logic, intervention would just help one group of morally dubious actors (the rebels) triumph over another group of morally dubious actors (the government and the *Janjaweed*).

This argument gets one thing right: The rebels are far from sympathetic. They have committed atrocities, and they continue to play a role in making Darfur a dangerous place for humanitarian workers. But the rebels did not, as one *New York Times* op-ed recently alleged, take up arms "to gain tribal domination." For decades, Khartoum neglected the region's development. Though the reasons for the formation of the different rebel groups in 2003 were varied, their basic demand—a fair share for Darfuris of national wealth and power—was far from illegitimate. Here again, the analogy to Kosovo is instructive: An unsavory band of rebels, acting on behalf of a population with legitimate grievances, has taken up arms against a central government that espouses a racialist ideology; the government has responded with genocide; and, now, the question before the West is whether to stop the massacres or throw up our hands and declare both sides equally culpable.

It is true that, as in Kosovo, NATO forces in Sudan will have to confront rebel groups as well as government-backed militias. But let there be no confusion: It was the government and the *Janjaweed*, not the rebels, that evicted millions of non-Arab Darfuris from their homes and consigned them to refugee camps, where they face death by disease, hunger, and marauding militias; and it is the government and the *Janjaweed*, more than the rebels, that are currently making it impossible for these men, women, and children to return to their villages and rebuild. Yes, the rebels need to be disarmed; and, yes, certain groups may reasonably believe that Western intervention will yield political gains for their own tribe. But none of this obviates our moral obligations. It is not for the rebel groups that we must go to Darfur. It is for the millions of civilians in the camps whose relatives have been killed, whose communities have been destroyed, and who, if Khartoum has its way, will never return home. These desperate people were chanting "welcome, welcome USA" for a reason. We are three years too late to save many of their relatives and neighbors. But we are not too late to save them. ■

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The right expels Bush.

Binge and Purge

BY JONATHAN CHAIT

In "The Man Who Would Be King," the late-nineteenth-century Rudyard Kipling story later turned into a movie, an English adventurer named Daniel Dravot becomes the regent of Kafiristan, a remote mountainous region north of India. Dravot leads the Kafiri people to a string of battlefield victories, and they receive him as a God, the son of Alexander the Great, and turn their treasure over to him. But then they see him bleed, and—discovering he is mortal after all—turn on him with unbridled rage. Mobs of tribesmen denounce him as a fraud, chase him out of the temple, and ultimately send him plummeting to his doom.

Something similar is happening now to George W. Bush. Not long ago, conservatives hailed him as a fearless leader in the war on terrorism, a great man of history, Reagan's son. Long after the patriotic upsurge following September 11 had crested, the conservative base held him in awe. "George W. Bush has been a resolute and even heroic president in a terrifying time," wrote David Frum. Bush is "not only a good and trusted war leader, but a cunning and bold political leader," editorialized *The Washington Times*.

Now his former acolytes are furiously denouncing him. *The American Spectator* recently published a special issue devoted mostly to detailing the litany of Bush sins. One recent book (*Impostor*, by conservative columnist Bruce Bartlett), a forthcoming book (*Conservatives Betrayed*, by right-wing activist Richard Viguerie), and innumerable op-eds (e.g., "How the GOP Lost Its Way," by Reagan biographer Craig Shirley) condemn the president as an ideological turncoat.

Of course, conservatives have been demanding greater fidelity from Bush since he first ran for president. But that was all part of the normal give-and-take of conservative politics—the true believers staying ever-vigilant to ensure their three-quarters of a loaf does not get whittled down to half. What's happening now is different. Conservative intellectuals and activists, the right's ideological vanguard, have decided that Bush is not Reagan's son after all. Indeed, they have discovered that he is not, and never has been, a conservative, but rather that he is a fraud masquerading as one.

The banishment of politicians from the tribe is a recurring practice on the right. George H.W. Bush was the most famous victim, but Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole, and many others have all faced the wrath of Washington conservatives. It is a highly stylized ritual, often conducted in terms baffling to those not deeply versed in the mores of the movement. It is also deeply cruel, as the victims are often faithful adherents who work assiduously to carry out the tribe's wishes—and they never see the mob coming for them until it's too late.

In the especially strange case of Bush, we can begin by examining the new conservative claim that Bush is, like his father, a moderate. *National Review*'s Jonah Goldberg has called Bush a "liberal Republican." Other conservatives make the same point implicitly, by way of historical comparison. The conservative press in recent weeks has been flush with ideological comparisons between the current president and George H.W. Bush or Richard Nixon, both of whom occupy a central place in the right's demonology. In the conservative mind, Bush has now joined his father and Nixon as ideological apostates who expanded government and sold out the movement in order to ingratiate themselves with liberals.

It is, to say the least, a highly idiosyncratic analysis. Let us concede that the president has done violence to conservative principle with his tariffs, spending, and the like. Let us also concede, for the sake of argument, that Nixon and Bush père can be considered "liberal." (They certainly are by contemporary Republican standards.) The comparison is still preposterous. Nixon and George H.W. Bush expanded government in the pursuit of goals amenable to many liberals. These included tougher environmental regulation and progressive tax reform in Nixon's case, and the Americans

David Cowles

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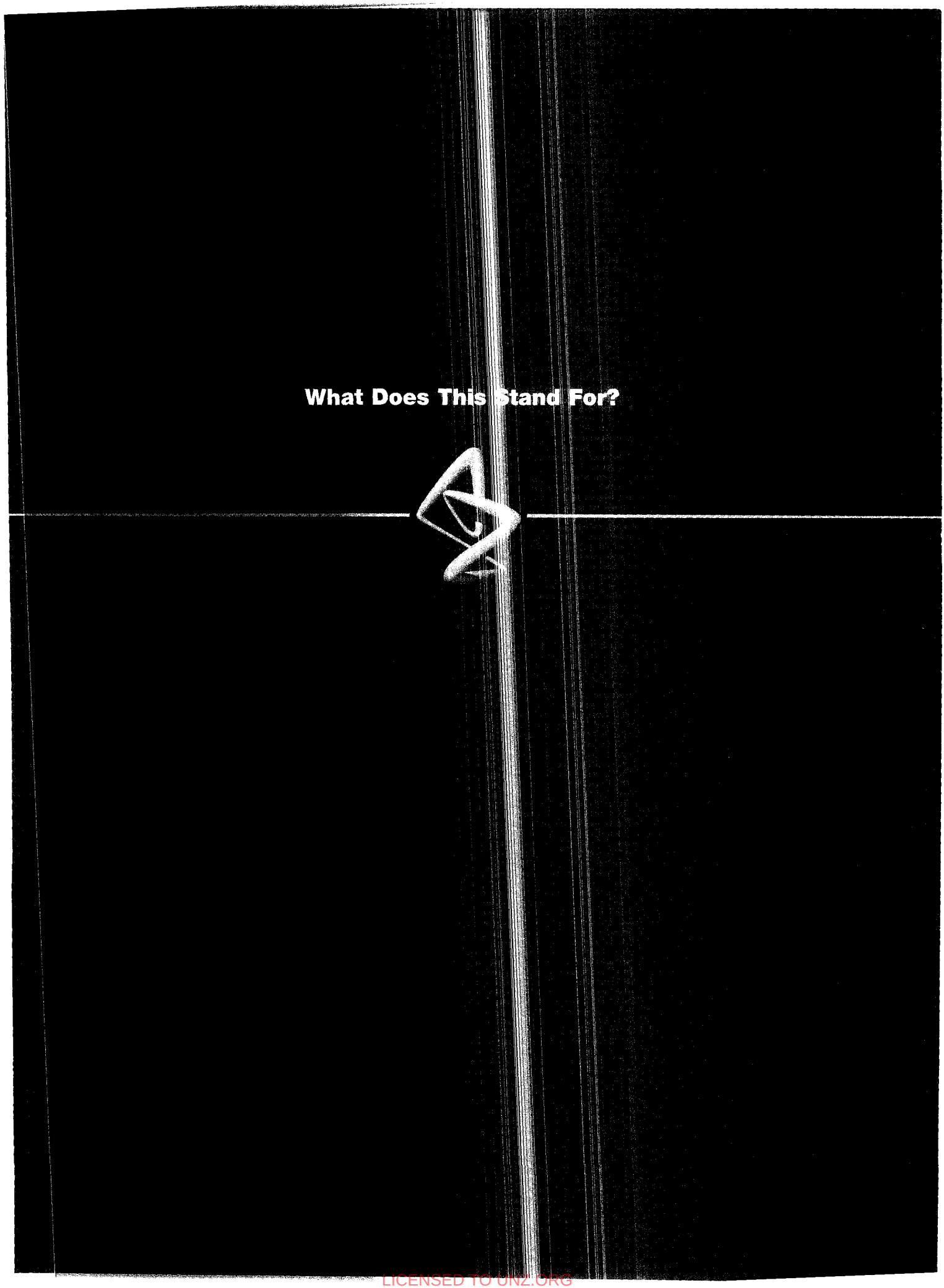

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with Disabilities Act and an anti-deficit measure including tax hikes in Bush's.

In sharp contrast, George W. Bush's expansions of government have, virtually without exception, come in the service of distinctly illiberal goals. Medicare, the energy bill, tariffs, crop supports—all these represented subsidies from the general public to business interests and attracted little or no support from liberals, with respectable Brookings centrist-liberals particularly aghast. Bush's right-wing corporatism may not reflect the kind of conservatism that most right-leaning activists prefer, but it is a kind of conservatism, and certainly not liberalism or moderation.

There are two reasons the right has taken up this delirious interpretation. The first is that its adherents tend instinctively toward paranoia. (As David Brooks acutely observed a decade ago, "In the way that Eskimos are purported to have 39 words for snow, the right has a code to describe conservatives who ingratiate themselves with liberals.") When a Republican lets them down, their thoughts immediately turn to the dark prospect that he succumbed to the blandishments of the liberal elite. If Bush abandoned them to sign a big-government energy bill or steel tariff, *The New York Times* editorial page or Ted Kennedy *must* have been there whispering encouragements in his ear. (In another column, Goldberg saw in Bush's abandonment of conservatism the sinister hand of "moderates, squishes, apostates, *New York Times*–pleasing 'mavericks,' centrists, and all the others who want to 'get beyond labels' or get a standing ovation from the Brookings Institution.")

The second reflects a calculated attempt to absolve conservatives of Bush's failures. Look at the particulars of the indictment against the president. The conservatives' most bitter complaints concern Bush's "profligacy and total disregard for spending money judiciously," as Stephen Moore puts it in *The American Spectator*. But whose fault is that? As *National Review* editorialized in 2000, Bush's "support for tax cuts and Social Security reform is more important than his spending initiatives—not least because if he succeeds on taxes and Social Security, it will be easier to limit government in the future." Moore himself in 2001 called tax cuts "the best way to stop a spending spree." Blaming Bush for his betrayal is a way for conservatives to avoid an uncomfortable fact: He followed to a T the strategy they urged, and it failed.

Nor are they willing to recognize that, when Bush disappointed them, he sometimes had no choice. One of the familiar tropes of the conservative shunning ritual is an almost pathological disregard for the realities of public opinion. Conservatives complain about Bush's Medicare expansion—which, indeed, was an atrocious piece of legislation—but their complaints center less on the law's design than its very existence. As the Republican Study Committee's Jeff Flake, who has drawn widespread conservative praise for his willingness to criticize Bush from the right, put it, "I never believed that it was responsible to create this new entitlement." Yet adding prescription drugs to Medicare was an overwhelmingly popular idea. Do conservatives imagine Bush could have won Florida in 2000, or any other swing state, if he opposed it? Do they think he could have won in 2004 after reneging on that promise?

Likewise, they indignantly denounce Bush's failure to successfully privatize Social Security in 2005. As Robert Novak wrote, "The loss of the opportunity to expand the Republican base through massively increased stock ownership was squandered." It certainly wasn't for lack of trying, though. Bush campaigned tirelessly for privatization, even in the face of hostile and ever-worsening public opinion. (By April of 2005, voters—by nearly a 2-to-1 margin—opposed replacing part of the guaranteed benefit with investment income, the core of Bush's plan.) Still, the president persevered long after failure was inevitable. In the face of his idea's massive unpopularity, what could he possibly have done differently?

CONSERVATIVES AREN'T SURE, but they insist that these compromises have cost Bush his popularity. ("If Bush held the Reaganite line on liberty at home the way he does on liberty abroad," wrote Goldberg, "he'd be in a lot better shape" in the polls.) To the right, it is axiomatic that any political failure can only have resulted from ideological deviation. Accordingly, conservatives have worked out their own interpretation of modern political history, in which every Republican triumph results from a GOP leadership that steadfastly upholds the conservative worldview and every defeat results from faint-hearted moderation. This interpretation is the source of the movement's strength. The conservative base is the domestic version of the "Arab Street"—a mercurial and potent force that must be constantly placated lest it explode in rage. And the way to placate it is by making concessions to the leaders who claim to speak for it.

The notion that conservative defections are at the heart of Bush's polling problems is probably the most fantastical element of the whole conservative litany. And yet, oddly enough, mainstream reporters have eagerly and endlessly recycled the notion that conservative defections have crippled Bush in the polls. As *The Washington Post* reported recently, "Disaffection over spending and immigration have caused conservatives to take flight from President Bush and the Republican Congress at a rapid pace in recent weeks, sending Bush's approval ratings to record lows."

At the elite level, it's certainly true that conservatives have deserted Bush. At the voter level, though, they remain loyal. Emory University political scientist Alan Abramowitz notes that, according to Gallup, from late April until mid-May, Bush's approval rating among conservative Republicans held steady, dipping imperceptibly from 79 to 77 percent. Over that same span, his approval among moderate or liberal Republicans disintegrated, dropping 20 points. News reports grasp onto the fact that Bush has lost support among Republicans, but the bulk of the collapse has occurred with the middle, not the right.

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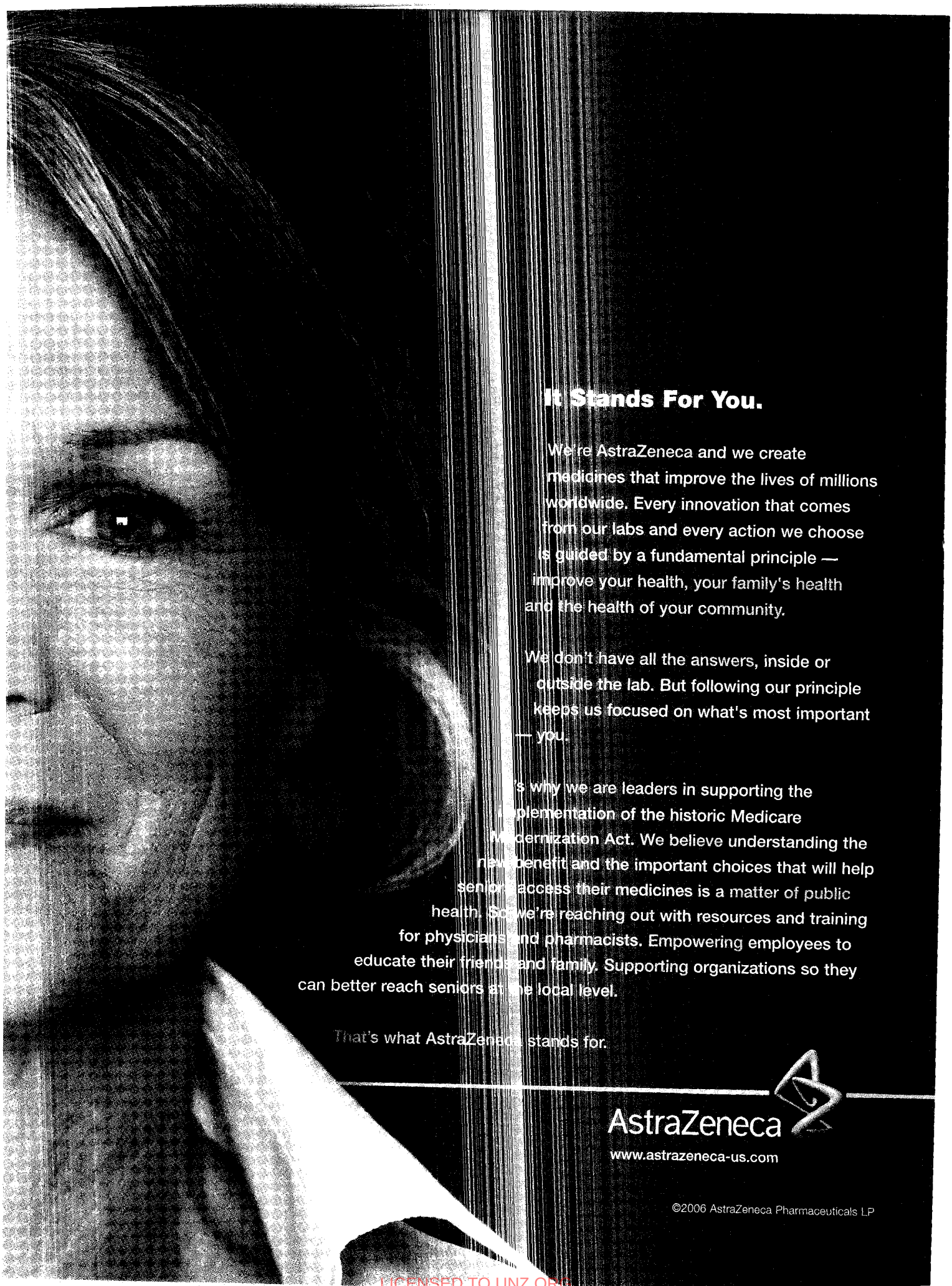
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To be sure, Bush would have higher ratings if he retained 100 percent support from his base. Yet, as Abramowitz points out, the distinctive thing about Bush's polls is how strongly his base supports him in comparison with the rest of the country. The split between how fellow partisans view Bush and how others view him is higher than any other such split recorded in the history of the Gallup poll. To have nearly 80 percent of conservative Republicans approve of Bush's job performance—at a time when approval among independents hovers around 20 percent—is a staggering triumph of party discipline.

SINCE THE CONSERVATIVE interpretation is so wildly at odds with reality, the only way to make it hold together is to retroactively define winners as ideological loyalists and losers as apostates. This technique describes the great bulk of political analysis found in the conservative media. Leading up to the 1998 congressional elections, for instance, Republicans in the House of Representatives had followed the fervent desires of the party base by launching impeachment proceedings against President Clinton. Conservatives giddily anticipated the coming vote. "The November elections, as we noted last issue, will and should be a referendum on Bill Clinton. Republicans are likely to win it," editorialized *National Review*.

As it happened, Republicans lost seats. *National Review*'s political worldview, though, remained remarkably unchanged. "Republicans counted on money, incumbency, and one issue they refused even to mention: impeachment," observed a post-election editorial. "Is it any wonder that things didn't work out quite as well as they had hoped?" Well, it was a wonder to anybody who had taken *National Review*'s analysis to heart. In retrospect, though, it was clear to the conservative magazine why the GOP had lost. Before, impeachment was going to produce victory. Now, they could see that the failure to emphasize impeachment caused defeat. Furthermore, they wrote in the same editorial, "Republicans offered no alternative agenda of their own. Most importantly, they let tax cuts languish." The lesson of the election, as with every election, was that Republicans defy the base at their peril.

At any given moment, conservative activists are usually celebrating the top officials of the Republican Party while simultaneously demanding greater ideological fidelity from them. They are constantly hedging their bets so they can go either way with the clear-cut final determination. Today, conservatives "know" that George H.W. Bush sealed his fate when he abandoned Reaganism for mushy GOP centrism. Conservative humorist P.J. O'Rourke expressed the movement's definitive judgment when he told a conservative gathering in late 1992, "We didn't lose this election. ... Some people whose politics we can sort of tolerate lost this election."

O'Rourke himself had tolerated Bush's politics well enough to appear at his campaign headquarters a few months earlier to buck up staff morale. In fact, the whole movement embraced Bush tightly during the campaign. And, when Bush embraced the right during his 1992 convention, Donald Lambro, chief political correspondent for *The Washington Times*, the movement organ, welcomed him back into the fold. "Whatever differences he may have with it around the edges, Mr. Bush embraces the core economic, cultural and national defense principles of his party's dominant right wing and they, in turn, have gathered around him," he wrote, predicting a Bush comeback victory that would shock the naysayers.

With his loss of the election a few months later, though, Bush lost his welcome place within the bosom of the movement. Immediately following the defeat, Lambro wrote that Bush's fate had been sealed two years before: "When Mr. Bush cynically reneged on his no-new-taxes pledge, the linchpin of that Republican coalition, he deeply eroded his conservative political base of support, destroyed his credibility on tax and spending issues, and sent the economy into the tank." In fact, as Abramowitz points out, conservative turnout in 1992 matched its historic rate for presidential election years, and conservatives were half as likely as GOP moderates to defect to Ross Perot.

Even Reagan himself, before his deification, endured regular doses of conservative complaint. Conservatives raged when he raised taxes or signed an arms control treaty with the Soviets. (As George Will wrote bitterly of the 1987 nuclear accord, "December 8 will be remembered as the day the Cold War was lost.") In 1984, *Policy Review* assigned eleven conservatives to write evaluations of Reagan for a special issue, and eight delivered negative assessments. When Reagan's popularity recovered at the end of his second term, he was cleansed of all his ideological sins.

THIS IS WHY, only now—with George W. Bush's popularity mired in a seemingly inescapable pit—are conservatives recalling his apostasies in such vivid detail. The list of grievances, though, has a distinctly musty odor. Here is a typical iteration of the complaint, as voiced by Craig Shirley: "[R]esentment is growing over steel tariffs, prescription-drug benefits, a League of Nations mentality, the growth of government and harebrained spending, the McCain-Feingold campaign finance law, the increasing regulation of political speech in the United States and endemic corruption."

Shirley, you can't be serious. One of these complaints—"a League of Nations mentality"—is phantasmal. Another—McCain-Feingold and increasing regulation of political speech—is double-counted. The rest of those items all date back to the first couple of years of the administration, when conservatives celebrated Bush rapturously. Two years ago, he appeared before the American Conservative Union and "basked in a rock star reception and enjoyed several standing ovations," according to one account. *The Washington Times* compared the reception to that received by Reagan himself and editorialized that it "exposes the danger of conservative abandonment of Mr. Bush as a myth." That fall,

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National Review heartily endorsed the president, noting, "backing Bush's reelection should be an easy decision."

Bush has strongly favored immigration since well before he took office. Republicans have let pork-barrel spending rise almost continuously since they took control of Congress more than a decade ago. Only now, however, have conservatives in Washington staged open revolts over lax border enforcement or bridges to nowhere. The doctrinal deviations that conservatives once accepted with minor grumbling have blossomed into full-scale heresy. The liberal author Rick Pearlstein once said of the right's mindset, "Conservatism never fails. It is only failed." Bush has failed. Therefore, he cannot be a conservative. ■

How governments nurture soccer.

Political Pitch

BY FRANKLIN FOER

THERE HAVE BEEN revolutions to create socialism, democracy, and authoritarian dictatorship. But humankind has yet to fight a revolution to guarantee one of the most vital elements—if not the most vital element—of the good life. That is, a winning soccer team. If we were to take up arms for this reason, what kind of government would we want to install?

Political theory, for all its talk about equality and virtue, has strangely evaded this question. But, after 17 World Cups, there's now a mass of empirical data, and, using the most sophisticated methods available, we can now determine the political and economic conditions that yield soccer glory.

To begin, we must first reach back into the dustbin of history. Communism, despite its gulags and show trials, produced great players and rock-solid teams. The Hungarian squad of the early '50s has gone down in history as one of the best to never win a championship. A few decades later, in 1982, the Poles finished third in the tournament, drawing with Paolo Rossi's Italy and beating Michel Platini's France en route. These triumphs are reflected in the overall record. In World Cup matches against noncommunist countries, the red hordes bested their capitalist foes more often than not—by my count, 46 wins, 32 draws, 40 losses.

But the fact remains that a communist country has never won the World Cup. After watching the communists perform efficiently in preliminary rounds of the tournament, you could usually count on them to collapse in the quarterfinals. There are many explanations for why communism never ascended higher. For starters, there's the Lobanovsky factor. Valeri Lobanovsky, the great Soviet and Ukrainian coach of the 1970s and '80s, believed that science could provide underlying truths about the game. He would send technicians to games to evaluate players based on the number of "actions"—tackles, passes, shots—that they performed. These evaluations perversely favored frenetic tackling over the creative construction of an attack. Lobanovsky's method captures the pernicious way in which the rigidity of Marxism permeated the mentality of the Eastern bloc. Such rigidity might produce a great runner or gymnast, but it doesn't produce champions in a sport that requires regular flashes of individuality and risk-taking. Then there's the misery of life under the hammer and sickle. Hungary, for instance, couldn't prevent its greatest players—László Kubala and Ferenc Puskás—from defecting to Spain in the '50s.

If the above data leads us to conclude that communism does not produce a superior soccer society, fascism has far more to recommend itself. Fascist governments can masterfully manufacture a sense of national purpose and, more than that, national superiority. This ethos, while not so appealing from the perspective of those who worry about individual rights, cultivates the perfect climate for a World Cup. Not only can it produce a healthy confidence, but it can also generate a powerful fear of losing. Who wants to disappoint a nation swept up in this kind of fervor? Or, more to the point, who wants to disappoint a leader who might break your legs and imprison your grandmother? What's more, fascist governments subscribe to a cult of fitness and hygiene that leads them to siphon considerable national resources into sports programs. The fascist record speaks for itself. During the '30s, Il Duce's Italy claimed two trophies; Germany took third in 1934, as did Brazil in 1938. (Under the reign of Getúlio Vargas, Brazil was quasifascist or actually fascist, depending on whom you ask.) Overall, fascism compiled a record of 14–3–3 in that decade.

But fascism has performed miserably since the fall of the Axis. Proto-fascist regimes like Francisco Franco's Spain or Juan Perón's Argentina presided over some of the great underachievers in the game's history. How could Spain squander the talent of Alfredo Di Stéfano? António de Oliveira Salazar's Portugal appeared in only one tournament during his 36-year reign. (To be sure, it was a tremendous performance, with Eusébio leading the country to third place. But, back in the days of Mussolini and Hitler, a good fascist dictator would have considered such a result an abomination—and would not have permitted Eusébio, a black player, to play in any case.) What accounts for the falloff? In the 1930s, fascist nations were an independent force in the world. They were the most ferocious regimes on the planet. After the war, this swagger vanished. Suddenly, the power of these nations rested on their alliance with the United States. Once you become lapdogs of the Americans, it's hard to muster the same will to win.

There's an important corollary to this finding. No coun-

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try has ever won a World Cup while committing genocide or gearing up to commit genocide. Germany and Yugoslavia both faltered on the eve of their mass murders. In 1938, Germany didn't win a single game. The greatest Yugoslavian team of all time lost in the quarterfinals of the 1990 tournament. Apparently, lusting after the blood of Jews and Muslims distracts vital energy from the more pressing task of scoring against the Swiss and the Argentines.

Now we've examined two of the most ubiquitous forms of command economy. That leaves a third: the good, old-fashioned military junta. You can't find too many of these in the world today. But military juntas are historically superb at winning World Cups. The Brazilian and Argentine juntas presided over the most glorious victories in the tournament's history in the '70s and early '80s. It makes sense that juntas would excel at this. They are collective efforts, where even the strongmen are part of a broader apparatus. A good soccer team is, in a sense, a junta.

While military juntas have a tremendous record—three trophies in all—they still can't claim to be the most successful form of government. This is partly a problem of dilution. Military juntas must also claim credit for straggler countries like Paraguay and El Salvador. Their achievements, in the end, can't compete with the most effective form of soccer government known to man.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY DELIVERS more championships than the juntas—six in all. And even the worst social democratic teams—Belgium, Finland—win more consistently than their authoritarian peers. To understand this success, one must understand the essence of the social democratic economy. Social democracies take root in heavily industrialized societies, and this is a great blessing. No country has won the World Cup without having a substantial industrial base. This base supplies a vast urban proletariat, which in turn supplies players for a team. Industrial economies also produce great wealth, which funds competitive domestic leagues that improve social democratic players by subjecting them to day-to-day competition of the highest quality. And, while the junta mindset nicely transposes itself to the pitch, the social democratic ethos is a far neater match. Social democracy celebrates individualism, while relentlessly patting itself on the back for its sense of solidarity—a coherent team with room for stars.

The new paradigm of political theory posited above can not only help guide a revolution, but it can also help fill out a tournament-prediction bracket. It is my contention that the outcome of each match in the World Cup can be forecast by analyzing the political and economic conditions of the countries represented on the pitch. This isn't quite an unbeatable system. But I have yet to see a method for filling out a tournament bracket that beats it. In addition to using the hierarchy above to guide your picks—fascism beats communism; military junta beats fascism; social democracy beats military junta—there are several other iron laws to apply:

1. EU means "experience unlimited."

Since its inception in 1992, the European Union has racked up an impressive World Cup record of 44 wins, 24 draws, and 36 losses. Western Europe has, of course, always dominated the tournament. But its recent performance is slightly better than the continent's past. In part, that's because the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) expanded the tournament in 1994 from 24 teams to 32. Old-world powers have more minnows to devour. But the change can also be attributed to globalization. While most countries that qualify for the tournament have members playing for clubs in Spain, Italy, and England, smaller European nations have benefited most from the opening of the big leagues to foreign talent. (To be sure, African and Latin American nations have also benefited greatly, but less so.) A country like Sweden has almost none of its starting eleven now playing for home clubs. Because of this migration of talent—and exposure to superior competition—a European nation without much of a history of football success can suddenly transform itself into an impressive performer.

2. Liberated and in a winning mood.

Countries that have just thrown off the yoke of communist or authoritarian oppression are extremely difficult to stop. The post–Iron Curtain tournaments were testaments

DAVID COWLES

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to this phenomenon, when Bulgaria and Romania played deep into the knockout round. Poland had one of its most glorious runs in 1982, with the Solidarity movement playing in the background. And Germany won its last World Cup in the middle of its reunification.

3. Colonizers over colonized.

These matches happen several times a tournament. Spain plays one of its old Latin American outposts. France faces the likes of Senegal or Algeria. Portugal takes the field against Brazil. When these imperial overlords battle their old subjects, you'd expect that the colonized nation would play better. After all, imperialism is an inherently doomed venture. No colonial overlord can eternally resist its subjects' demands for liberation. But that political reality doesn't translate into soccer. In fact, excepting the improbable 1950 U.S. win over England and Senegal's victory over France in the first game of the 2002 World Cup, the imperial powers historically win more often. Perhaps the imperial powers want to compensate for the psychological damage that accompanies the loss of empire and political decline. You might ask, shouldn't this trend benefit England, the greatest empire of the last 200 years? It should, except that England planted rugby and cricket more firmly than soccer in most of its colonies. Consequently, England can go whole tournaments without playing any commonwealth countries.

4. Never invest hope in an oil-producing nation.

If a nation heavily exports oil—Nigeria, Russia, Mexico, Norway, the Gulf states, Iran—it's doomed to underachieve. When an economy can generate wealth so easily, even if that wealth only flows to a small oligarchy, a country can get lazy, thinking that riches will forever flow to it naturally. Political scientists call this the "paradox of plenty." And, on the pitch, these countries lack a winning temperament and an innovative mindset. The USSR was the only oil-rich country ever to make it to the semifinals.

5. Neoliberal shock therapy is a buzz kill.

Argentina hasn't made it past the quarterfinals since its government embarked on neoliberal reforms. Over the last decade, Brazil has faltered only once, in 1998, at the height of President Fernando Henrique Cardoso's push to open his country's markets. So you should pick against any country that is in the midst of privatizing its banks and energy sector. But there's good news for Thomas Friedman and other proponents of classical liberalism. Countries normally bounce back from their liberal setbacks. Brazil is the locus classicus of the genre, but Poland and Ecuador also prove that neoliberalism only hurts soccer in the short term.

6. The caveat.

There's one iron law that overrides all the others. The political reality most likely to produce a Jules Rimet trophy at any given moment in history: whatever form of government has taken up residence in Brasilia that week. ■

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Globalization excites the masses.

Pop Up

BY NIALL FERGUSON AND SAMUEL J. ABRAMS

MOST "ISMS" ARE easy to locate on the political spectrum. Fascism resides on the right, communism on the left, conservatism on the right, liberalism on the left, and so on. Populism, on the other hand, is a bisexual ism. In some contexts, it belongs on the left—most obviously in Latin America, where a new generation of leaders has rediscovered the political benefits of nationalizing oil fields and redistributing the rents to the poor. But, in a different setting—in developed economies—populism carries a right-wing tinge. Though it springs from the same roots as the left-wing strain, its targets and rhetoric hark back to mid-twentieth-century fascism.

Broadly speaking, the common roots of contemporary populism lie in the backlash against what is commonly described as globalization. International integration of markets has given rise to measurable economic benefits in aggregate terms. But there are always losers in a market economy. And the more the world resembles a single market, the more those groups who were once protected by trade barriers, capital controls, or restrictions on migration are likely to suffer.

When, for instance, governments in the 1980s and 1990s privatized their energy sectors, they attracted foreign capital, which invariably led to modernization of equipment and gains in efficiency. But people who had benefited from labor-intensive state monopolies—especially trade unionists and public sector employees—lost out in the shift. Simultaneous to those reforms, governments also lowered dysfunctionally high taxes on the rich—cuts that had the effect of redistributing less income to the poor.

Nothing does more to stimulate populism than such shifts in wealth—and these shifts have provided the preconditions for the current backlash. Even if the proverbial pie expands—and globalized economies do generally grow faster than those hidden behind protectionist walls—populist politicians can point indignantly to the change in the relative size of the slice going to the upper class. The distinctive feature of populist rhetoric, however, is that it attacks these beneficiaries as foreign.

Whereas a Bolivian populist directs his fire at international energy companies, a British populist is more likely to target immigrants. The reason is that developing countries need foreign capital to grow, and that is what globalization gives them. By contrast, developed economies need foreign labor—ideally as productive as homegrown labor, but less expensive. Sometimes, of course, the reality is a bit more complicated. But, for voters concerned about their economic prospects—and for the politicians wooing them—globalization and its apparent foreign beneficiaries provide a convenient scapegoat for a host of economic anxieties. The result is that, around the world, populism is on the march.

In Latin America, as recent events in Venezuela and Bolivia have demonstrated, populists can not only win votes, but also form governments and implement their preferred policies. In Europe, on the other hand, populists may win votes, but they struggle to form governments and generally fail to change policy. Paradoxically, the populism of the right turns out to act more like the unwitting ally of the mainstream left than like the spearhead of the fascist revival that liberals dread—and the American press so often predicts.

AMERICANS KNOW ALL about anti-immigrant politics—or so they think. According to our analysis of data from major public opinion surveys, 16 percent of American voters list immigration as the most important issue facing the country. In recent months, readers will need no reminding, there has been acrimonious debate over proposals to offer illegal immigrants an effective amnesty and even a route to citizenship. But it's the congressmen arguing for tighter policing of immigration who reflect voter sentiment. Nearly two-thirds of Americans are dissatisfied with the levels of U.S. immigration. Two-fifths favor strict limits on immigration or outright prohibition.

Yet Americans are, in other ways, remarkably tolerant of immigration. Three in four regard it as having been beneficial to the nation in the past—and a majority of Americans say it remains so. In any case, both big parties must tread warily on this issue because of the large number of foreign-born voters. The attitudes of these voters are not easy to read, but you wouldn't expect them to be enthusiastic about a nakedly xenophobic candidate. In fact, nativism—once a potent brand of populism—seems beyond resuscitation in such a multiethnic society.

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, the story is much different. There, immigrants and their offspring generally account for smaller proportions of the population than in the United States. Only a handful of European countries have had a net immigration rate higher than the United States in the past five years. Yet, according to our survey analysis, hostility to immigration in many European countries is significantly stronger than in the United States. Recent developments in Europe make Lou Dobbs look like a wimp on the issue.

Take England. Historically—until as recently as the late '80s—England was a net exporter of people. Yet immigra-

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tion to England has surged in the past decade. Between 1995 and 2004, net migration to the United Kingdom totaled more than 1.3 million, or an average of 134,000 people per year. The Government's Actuary Department assumes that net migration will rise to an average of 145,000 people per year for the foreseeable future. This is partly because an aging population with relatively low fertility and a long life expectancy needs to import workers; immigrants play a vital role in the country's National Health Service, to take one example. But many Britons feel that immigration is not being managed with such needs in mind. Indeed, they suspect it is not being managed at all. The impression they have—and it is not just a media-generated impression—is that immigration to England is out of control.

According to figures published in October by the Office of National Statistics, of the 7.2 million increase in the British population projected over the next quarter-century, six million will be due to immigration. That may not sound like much by U.S. standards, but the spike due to immigration represents a 10 percent increase to the total British population.

Can the British economy absorb what amounts to roughly one new town every year? The answer, of course, largely depends on the elasticity of its labor market. And, superficially, that market is rather healthy, compared at least with France, where the overall unemployment rate is around 9.5 percent and the rate among those under 25 is a shocking 22 percent. But British government statistics are deceptive. In April, only 945,000 people officially collected unemployment. But, according to *The Business*, a British financial newspaper, "5.3 million working-age adults are now out of work and on benefits, equating to 14.7 percent of the workforce," and 2.3 million of them have been living on welfare for more than five years. The reason they don't register in some statistics is that many of them are counted as unfit for work rather than jobless. Every day, 23 teenagers in Great Britain sign up for incapacity benefits.

The roots of Great Britain's problem are not hard to find. As the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) showed in its 2005 Economic Survey of the United Kingdom, an exceptionally large share of British pupils leave school without qualifications, twice the proportion doing so in Germany. One in six British adults lacks the literacy skills of an eleven-year-old. And 30 percent of Britons between 25 and 34 years old are classified by the OECD as "low-skilled," the second-worst rate in a sample of 16 developed countries. While it is technically correct that they are not unemployed, the reality is that they are unemployable.

Unfortunately, these unemployables do not regard their own lack of skills as the problem. Increasingly, they blame their plight on immigrants, who are seen as either competitors for low-paid jobs or (less accurately) competitors for government handouts. The striking thing is that their resentments seem to be shared by other social groups, including some professionals and small businessmen who do not so obviously stand to lose economically from immigration. Having been of negligible importance during the '80s and '90s, immigration has, in the last five years, swelled to one of voters' top three political concerns. Since 2002, around one in three Britons has consistently named it "the most important issue facing Britain today." That far exceeds the last great storm over immigration in the early '70s, which followed the maverick Conservative MP Enoch Powell's notorious "rivers of blood" speech.

The principal beneficiary of this surge of public concern has been the British National Party (BNP), a small and odious collection of racists and opportunists. According to its mission statement, "The British National Party exists to secure a future for the indigenous peoples of these islands in the North Atlantic which have been our homeland for millennia." In last month's local elections, the BNP won eleven of the 13 seats it contested in East London, and it also succeeded in electing councillors in three West Midlands towns. A poll taken before the elections revealed that 24 percent of likely voters had considered voting BNP. If there had been more BNP candidates, it seems certain there would have been more BNP votes.

BRITAIN IS NO outlier. Polling reveals that other European countries are reacting even more strongly against immigration. Some 59 percent of Britons favor strict limits or a total prohibition on immigration—half a percentage point higher than the equivalent figure for France, where recent riots in cities with large immigrant populations might have been expected to elicit a larger backlash. Even more hostile to immigration, however, are nine other European countries: Germany, where 60 percent want strict limits or prohibition; the Netherlands (60 percent), Belgium (61), the Czech Republic (65), Croatia (65), Denmark (66), Slovakia (67), Poland (72), and Hungary (84). These are also more or less the same countries where people most strongly support the proposition that immigrants should embrace the culture of their adoptive countries.

What is remarkable about this list is not only that it includes several countries that might have been expected to be relatively liberal on the issue of immigration (notably Denmark and the Netherlands), but also five Central and Eastern European countries—four of them former Soviet satellites that only recently gained accession to the European Union. At the other extreme is an equally motley mix of countries where attitudes toward immigrants seem far more liberal: the Scandinavian countries, Ireland, and tiny Luxembourg.

This is where European populism gets really interesting. Why, for instance, are Hungarians so hostile to immigrants and the Luxembourgians welcoming? Why are the Belgians much less tolerant than the Irish and Swedes? Some simple quantification demolishes two plausible hypotheses. First, there is no correlation between hostility to immigration and population density. Slogans like "the boat is full" do not tell us anything meaningful about anti-immigration sentiment. Secondly, there is a negative correlation between hostility to immigration and the measured rate of immigration; that is, a

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significant number of the countries with high levels of hostility to immigrants have relatively few immigrants. Most East European countries, which don't look kindly at immigration, turn out not to have many newcomers. In the case of Poland, the country has, in fact, been a net exporter of people. What's more, the opposite is true: Those countries that have had, in relative terms, significant immigration since 2000 are among the most tolerant—a striking instance being Ireland.

If it is not high population density or a high immigration rate that makes a country wary of newcomers, then what is it? The answer would seem, to a significant degree, the economy—or, to be precise, perceptions of the economy.

There is a very rough correlation between levels of per capita GDP and views of immigrants—wealthy Scandinavians are more tolerant toward newcomers than poor Slavs—but this is far from a sufficient explanation given the presence of Germany and the low countries among the more xenophobic countries. There is also a weak positive correlation between income inequality and hostility to immigrants. This is what we might expect, since the poor are generally more hostile to immigration than the rich, though the statistical relationship is once again not very strong. Indeed, there is striking evidence that, in countries with high levels of xenophobia, the rich feel almost as much antipathy to immigrants as the poor.

But the survey data indicate a stronger correlation between levels of economic (and political) satisfaction and positive views of immigration. It turns out to be those countries where voters are least satisfied with a) the present state of the economy, b) the national government, and c) the working of democracy that are also the countries most hostile to immigration. In other words, globalization is only part of what is generating the populist backlash. It contributes to the sense of dislocation and disenfranchisement that fuels populism; it provides, in the form of immigrants, the scapegoat for the movement. But the resentments are also strikingly local, and it takes political entrepreneurs to translate these dissatisfactions into xenophobic sentiments. Couched in the right language, the populist message can convince even those who have profited from the global economy to join their ugly parade.

BUT HOW CLOSE are the populists of the right to meaningful political success? Many commentators prophesy that the New Right will gain ground in Europe in the near future—and perhaps even come to power. And, certainly, there has been no shortage of evidence portending such a breakthrough. Radical right-wing parties have established a clear parliamentary presence from France all the way to Romania. Their average share of the vote in lower houses in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, and France has risen by 170 percent since 1980, and, as of 2004, it hovers around 14 percent. Figures like Umberto Bossi of Italy's Northern League; Jean-Marie Le Pen of France's National Front; Jörg Haider, formerly of the Austrian Freedom Party; and the late Pim Fortuyn of the Netherlands—each has made his bid for power on the basis of a classically populist platform of economic dissatisfaction and xenophobia. Indeed, in 1999, the Austrian Freedom Party won 27 percent of the vote and ended up as part of a coalition government. In 2002, Le Pen won nearly 17 percent of the vote in the first round of the French presidential election. Bossi served as a minister in Silvio Berlusconi's government until a stroke forced him to resign in 2004.

Whenever one of these populist parties makes gains, the American press is particularly eager to warn of neofascism. Liberals wring their hands—as happened last month, when the populist League of Polish Families was invited into a governing coalition. Yet, time and again, the threat of a new Nazism in Europe fades. That's because anti-immigrant populists turn out to make uncomfortable bedfellows for mainstream conservatives, who are generally averse to their rowdiness and—more importantly—too committed to free-market policies to countenance radical restrictions on immigration. Moderate conservatives like German Chancellor Angela Merkel or new British Conservative leader David Cameron—who is particularly keen to establish his credentials as a social liberal—are extremely wary of attacking immigration. For instance, in the recent scandal over the release (rather than deportation) of foreign criminals from British jails, Cameron was careful to direct his fire exclusively at the incompetence of ministers.

Paradoxically, therefore, the net effect of anti-immigrant populism in Europe may actually be to strengthen the mainstream left. It is no coincidence that, for all their shortcomings, Romano Prodi's left-of-center coalition has just returned to power in Italy, while a French socialist stands a good chance of succeeding Jacques Chirac. This is troubling news for the next generation of conservatives like Cameron. In the short term, the BNP may take votes from an unpopular Blair government. In the longer term, populists may hamper conservative chances in key marginal seats.

History certainly suggests this outcome. In the last era of globalization—the 1880s and 1890s—populist movements thrived by mobilizing American farmers, Catholic peasants in Germany, Austrian anti-Semites, and French shopkeepers. Often, these movements gave vent to anti-Semitism; in those days, Jews were the most readily identifiable and assailable migrants and beneficiaries of international capitalism. For a time, the conservative establishment believed that it could tame and harness these groups. But, after around 1900, such broad coalitions of the right proved increasingly difficult to sustain, whereas progressives and social democrats gained ground. Recent developments in the United States point in the same direction. Once again, antagonism toward immigration has risen sharply. But here, as in Europe, the more immigration dominates the debate, the more the right tends to split between xenophobes and more internationally minded conservatives. Populism, in short, may have returned to the developed world—and in a virulently intolerant form. The return of the racist right may nevertheless prove unexpectedly good news for liberals and the moderate left. ■

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The Devil Weed and Harry Anslinger

Harry J. Anslinger, a former railroad cop and Prohibition agent, is almost single-handedly responsible for outlawing marijuana. A law-and-order evangelist -- one biographer called him "a cross between William Jennings Bryan and Reverend Jerry Falwell"--Anslinger believed that alcohol prohibition could have succeeded if only the penalties had been tougher.

When he was named America's first drug czar in 1930 Anslinger initially tried to keep the Bureau of Narcotics clear of the marijuana issue because he knew eradication would be impossible. The stuff grows, he said, "like dandelions." But in the budget squeeze of the Great Depression he decided to create a little excitement by transforming marijuana from a low grade nuisance into an evil "as hellish as heroin." To add a little spice he played the race card.

"Reefer makes darkies think they're as good as white men," said Anslinger, **"...the primary reason to outlaw marijuana is its effect on the degenerate races."** To make sure nobody missed the point he offered this profile of the average toker: **"... most are Negroes, Hispanics, Filipinos, and entertainers. Their Satanic music, jazz, and swing, result from marijuana use. This marijuana causes white women to seek sexual relations with Negroes, entertainers, and any others."**

Most Americans had never heard of the weed. Clearly Congress hadn't either. The transcript of the 1937 Congressional Hearings on the Taxation of Marihuana are "near comic examples of dereliction of legislative responsibility," according to one legal observer. The principal witness was Commissioner Anslinger and his evidence consisted of newspaper clippings. The solitary medical expert, Dr. William Woodward of the American Medical Association, undermined Anslinger's testimony by pointing out that the facts in these newspaper clippings had originated with the Commissioner himself.

But the hour was late and it was time to move on. In a vote they didn't bother to record, on a matter of little interest, a handful of Congressmen forwarded a bill that would one day fill the nation's prisons to the roof beams.

Common Sense for Drug Policy
www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org www.DrugWarFacts.org
www.ManagingChronicPain.org www.MedicalMJ.org
www.TreatingDrugAddiction.org
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Text excerpted from Drug Crazy, Mike Gray, Random House 1998

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The troubling roots of Mexico's Andrés Manuel López Obrador.

Tropical Messiah

BY ENRIQUE KRAUZE

AT DAWN ONE morning in the summer of 2003, I met Andrés Manuel López Obrador, the controversial chief of government of the Federal District of Mexico (DF), better known as Mexico City. Perhaps a more appropriate title for him would be mayor, but that modest description does not seem sufficient. He now represents a lot more than that. There is a strong possibility that, in the July elections, he will become the next president of Mexico.

The time of our talk was chosen by my host. López Obrador rises as early as a rooster, the cocky symbol to which he likens himself. He is as elusive as the *pejelagarto*, the feisty fish from which he derives his nickname, *el Peje*, which is found in the waters of Tabasco, his oil-rich native state in southeast Mexico. López Obrador used to call ingenious daily press conferences at 6 a.m. to provide updates about his proceedings and to dodge compromising questions.

City Hall, where López Obrador keeps his office in a small annex, is situated in the ancient pre-Hispanic space known as the *Zócalo*. It is in front of the Cathedral (the seat of spiritual power) and alongside the National Palace (the seat of secular power), where, for almost five centuries, conquerors, viceroys, kings, *caudillos*, and presidents ruled the country. López Obrador understands the historic power of the place. President Vicente Fox, by contrast, performed his duties in the ritzy official presidential residence of Los Pinos and came to the *Zócalo* only once in a while.

A straightforward man with a malicious grin plastered on his face, AMLO—as he is known by the acronym formed by his initials—began to speak to me about Mexican history. In the 1980s, López Obrador wrote two books about the state of Tabasco in the nineteenth century. "They are based heavily on the work of Don Daniel," he admitted, referring to Don Daniel Cosío Villegas, the greatest liberal historian of the Mexican twentieth century. This reminded me of something that Cosío once said to me about General Lázaro Cárdenas, Mexico's most revered president: "I always admired him for his popular instincts." I told López Obrador that I observed the same quality in him and that it could lead him to the presidency. "The people don't make mistakes," he replied.

I asked him if it was true that he did not own a passport. "It's strange," he replied, "that people hold that against me. President Venustiano Carranza never crossed the border." I noted that Carranza was president between 1917 and 1920, but he was unmoved. "You have to concentrate on Mexico," he said, "For me, the best foreign policy is good domestic policy." It was obvious that the rest of world did not interest him. His world was Mexico. And the world within this world was Tabasco.

Born on November 13, 1953, in the small town of Tepetitán, he came from an enterprising, low-class family involved in various types of commercial activity. By most accounts, López Obrador was a fighter from an early age. According to his more obsequious biographies, he was called "the rock," because he hit hard: "He used to fight someone, beat them, and wind up with that teasing little 'I-beat-you' smile," says one. He was very good at baseball, although, according to another, "when his team lost, he would get furious." According to some reports, he once threw a ball at a fellow player's head in anger, causing permanent damage.

The López Obradors spread themselves out all over the small town of Tepetitán. "We didn't have borders," one of his brothers remembers. "We had the whole town; all of it was ours." In the 1960s, the family moved to the state capital, Villahermosa. López Obrador was deeply attached to his home state. He spent around three years studying political science at the National Autonomous University in Mexico City in the 1970s, but, even there, he lived in a dorm for Tabascan students.

To liven up the conversation with López Obrador, you can talk about baseball or you can talk about Tabasco. I wanted to talk about Tabasco—the cradle of Olmec culture (the mother of all cultures of Mesoamerica) and the gateway for the conquest (Cortés landed there in 1519). Tabascan history is López Obrador's passion. He referred fondly and admiringly to Tomás Garrido Canabal and Carlos Madrazo, two strongmen governors of the state in the twentieth century. I said that Tabasco had never produced a Mexican president. He immediately replied that, "for all Tabascans, it is very difficult to get used to the culture of the highlands" (referring to the central, high-altitude areas of the country and particularly Mexico City). "It's a different culture. And, for me, it has been difficult as well. It has taken a lot for me to adapt." Then he read a paragraph from one of his books about his state:

> In Tabasco, nature has a relevant role in the exercise of public power. In harmony with our environment, we Tabascans do not know how to play coy. Here, everything becomes overgrown and jumps out of its tracks. In this portion of the national territory, the most tropical of Mexico, rivers overflow, the sky is prone to storms, different shades of green battle

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each other, and spring's heat or the burning dog days of summer ignite passions and make raw frankness boil over.

He closed the book and said, "This is where my theory about 'tropical power' comes from. The Tabascan should control his passions."

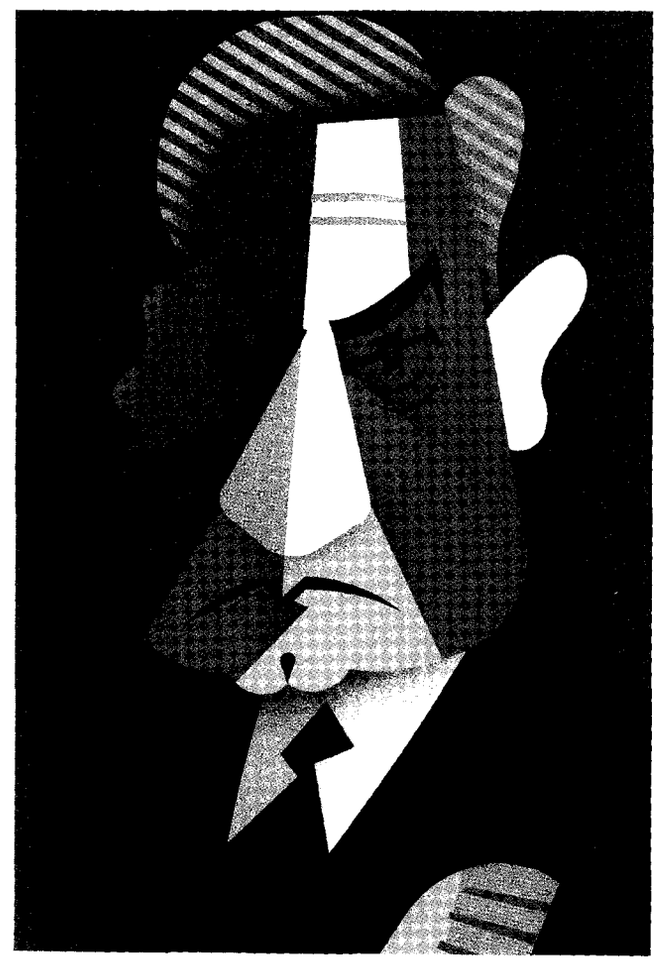
The key to a better understanding of López Obrador's politics—and of the danger they represent—does not lie in Mexico City. It is to be found, as he himself led me to conjecture during our breakfast, in the history of Tabasco, the land of "tropical power."

"AN ISOLATED SWAMPY puritanical state." That is how Graham Greene, in *The Lawless Roads*, described Tabasco. Greene traveled throughout Tabasco in 1938, four years after Garrido's era—which stretched from 1919 to 1934—had ended. Greene was intrigued by the "obscure personal neurosis" of the "incorruptible dictator," whose shadow continued to lurk. Greene remarked upon the place's "rationalist schools," almost military-like institutions of discipline where children were indoctrinated "scientifically" and learned the virtues of reason, agricultural technique, and physical exercises. He was struck by the posters that he saw in the schools: a woman crucified while a monk kissed her feet, a drunken priest sipping wine during the Eucharist. His confessor in Orizaba had warned him that this was "a very evil land," and Greene saw evidence of this everywhere: "There has always been hate, I suppose, in Mexico but now it is the official teaching: It has superseded love in school curriculum. ... One cannot believe it will be succeeded by anything at all: it poisons the human wells."

In Tabasco in 1938, one could also find the presence of a puritanical rigor—the lights went out at 9:30 p.m., alcohol was prohibited—and the vestiges of a regimented society: Cooperatives of agricultural distribution were controlled by the government, and there were obligatory "leagues of resistance" for each group of workers. What stood out more than anything else were the *Camisas Rojas*—"Red Shirts"—student contingents of both sexes, perfectly uniformed in black and red, who marched through the streets with fascist discipline, serving as shock troops of indoctrination for the intense campaign against "God and religion." In scenes filmed by Garrido's government for propagandistic ends, *Camisas Rojas* clenched pickaxes so that they could destroy, piece by piece, Villahermosa's cathedral; they tossed into the flames pious images taken from destroyed churches or objects of personal devotion that people had kept in their homes; they staged tumultuous *autos da fe* in which children and teachers, young and old took turns with an ax, destroying great sculptures of the crucified Christ.

In his book *Between History and Hope*, published in 1995, López Obrador expresses his admiration for Garrido. Tabasco under Garrido "became the political Mecca of the country," he declares. The religious metaphor is not accidental. Tabasco, in fact, grew and matured in isolation over the centuries, left untouched by the hand of God: In Tabasco, there had been few of the missionaries who evangelized the majority of the country. The place was almost without churches or parishes (the diocese was not founded until 1880), and it had a tiny number of clergymen compared with the rest of the country. Not even educational institutions—colleges or seminaries, which were common in the rest of Mexico—took root in the place. (The Juárez Institute, the only institution of higher education, was not founded until 1879.) So Tabasco resented its cultural isolation as much as its geographical isolation and waited for its opportunity to affirm itself in national history—to become the nation's Mecca.

The opportunity came with the Mexican Revolution. It arrived from outside, brought by the Northern generals and from the highlands. The first to make his mark on Tabasco was General Francisco J. Múgica, a former student of the seminary from the ultra-Catholic city of Zamora, who, like many revolutionaries of the time, had rebelled against his upbringing. Múgica's revolt resembled the extremes of Jacobinism in the French Revolution. Upon arriving at Tabasco in 1916, he and his troops occupied the cathedral, changed the name of the capital from San Juan Bautista to Villahermosa, and preached the new gospel of hatred against the Church. It was not long before Múgica expressed



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how proud he was of the natural way in which Tabascans seemed to adapt his anti-religious radicalism. "Mexico must be made like Tabasco," he declared.

According to López Obrador, this same Múgica was "the most idealist of all revolutionaries," and his disciple Garrido earns similar praise. Although he puts Garrido's "obsession" for destroying the roots of the "religious virus" in quotation marks, López Obrador's retelling of the facts displays a neutral or even a positive tone, as when he refers to the revolution's "extraordinary" work in education, the organization of peasant leagues of resistance, and festivals and concerts. If he objects to the fact that, "in a strict sense, [Garrido] was *not* a socialist," and that, "without being a dictator, he was an authoritarian leader," he still considers Garrido to have been "a visionary with great sensitivity who figured out how to harmoniously combine politics and economics."

For López Obrador, Garrido's real mistake was committed not in Tabasco but in Mexico City, after his term had ended. In 1935, as minister of agriculture in the Cárdenas government, Garrido ordered the killing of Catholics in Mexico City, an act that led to his resignation and his exile to Costa Rica. For López Obrador, the mistake was tactical: Garrido had merely "want[ed] to move anticlerical policy from the tropics to the highlands ... where the conditions were very different."

Garrido's anti-religious zeal was, in itself, religious, a cruel reversal of the zeal that he furiously combated. This dialectic is at the center of Greene's 1940 novel, *The Power and the Glory*. In describing the *garridista* lieutenant, puritanical and atheistic, Greene perceives that "there was something of a priest in his intent observant walk—a theologian going back over the errors of the past to destroy them again. ... There are mystics who are said to have experienced God directly. He was a mystic, too, and what he had experienced was vacancy." The space of the vacancy, faith's space, was not replaced by anything resembling secular humanism in Tabasco. It was filled instead with a militant faith. In the Mecca of Tabasco, science was not taught; it was preached. There was no Enlightenment in Tabasco; there was only an inverted religiosity, an intolerant rationalist iconoclasm. In Garrido's era, the party's official newspaper, *Redemption*, published religiously atheistic poems in praise of the new savior: "That man is Garrido / the man of action / who to the oppressed people / brought redemption."

The other great leader who sprang forth from the soil of Tabasco was AMLO's role model, Carlos Madrazo. López Obrador also refers to him in *Between History and Hope* and has mentioned him during several interviews. Supported by Garrido as a youth, Madrazo was one of the founders of the *Camisas Rojas*, a great demagogue, and a driving force behind the movement for "socialist education." He joined the ranks of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) during the 1930s (it was then called the National Revolutionary Party), and, in 1958, he returned to Tabasco with "a fervent desire to govern." López Obrador recalls, "I have memories of him when he came to my town. There was a certain veneration of men in power. When Madrazo visited Tepetitán, the streets were adorned with triumphal arches made out of palms. ... He was received by the most beautiful women of the town."

As governor of Tabasco, Madrazo presided over a new era of economic growth and public works—and a new concentration of political power. In López Obrador's eyes, Madrazo was not perfect: "He was not an idealist, his actions weren't motivated by the needs and feelings of the people, the common people, 'those from below.'" In the 1960s, however, as president of Mexico's preeminent political organization, the PRI, he attempted an audacious democratic reform—namely, internal party elections. The PRI system would not tolerate this, and Madrazo resigned. During the student movement of 1968, he could have created a political movement of opposition. López Obrador remembers how bitterly Madrazo reproached himself for his indecision. In June 1969, Madrazo and his wife died when their plane crashed into the mountains of Monterrey.

And, finally, together with Garrido and Madrazo, a third hero appears in *Between History and Hope*. He is the natural heir of the other two. Like them, he likes to feel "the veneration of men of power," and he shares "the fervent desire to govern." He inherited their virtues and would correct their defects; he is a leftist and an idealist; he would never reproach himself for daring to step out of the institutional framework of the PRI; and he did not identify with "those from above," he only wanted the power to serve "those from below." He knows how to purify the Revolution. This great man, of course, is Andrés Manuel López Obrador.

GRAHAM GREENE REMARKED that Tabasco "was like Africa seeing itself in a mirror across the Atlantic." Strangely, Andrés Iduarte—"the best writer from Tabasco," according to López Obrador—had a similar line: "Tabasco is a country made up of Greek names and an African soul." In his classic book *Niño: Child of the Mexican Revolution*, Iduarte insistently refers to the faces of violence in Tabasco. "The bad thing is not that they kill [in Tabasco], the bad thing is that they believe that killing is something natural." "We were poisoned by a barbarous sense of manhood," Iduarte observes, remembering the way young men "wore a pistol encased in their pants or beneath their shirt." This was "Tabasco's atmosphere, loaded with tempestuous passions." It was the voice of the jungle that led men to "shoot holes into each other for the smallest offense." Iduarte spoke from personal experience. A gentle and cultivated man, he wrote his memoir in the 1930s while living outside the country and working as a professor at Columbia University. But this refined gentleman from Tabasco had also killed a man.

Andrés Manuel López Obrador also had a close encounter with death. On July 9, 1969, the newspapers *Rumbo Nuevo*, *Diario de Tabasco*, and *Diario Presente* all reported the death of his brother, José Ramón López Obrador. The events occurred on the previous day, inside the department

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store Novedades Andrés, owned by the López Obrador family in Villahermosa. From the official declaration that 15-year-old Andrés Manuel gave before the agent of the public ministry, it can be deduced that he and his older brother had an argument. Using a .38-caliber Super Colt, José Ramón had tried to convince his brother to "scare" an employee of a nearby shoe store. Andrés Manuel tried to dissuade him from doing so, but his brother called him a coward. All of a sudden, as Andrés Manuel turned his back on his brother, he heard a gunshot. He tried to help his brother and attempted to bring him to a doctor right away, but, shortly thereafter, José Ramón died. The different accounts all hold that the shot had been accidentally fired by Andrés Manuel himself. The official declaration disappeared from the city archives. The facts remain obscure.

The death of his brother must have weighed heavily on Andrés Manuel. Perhaps it is owing to that afternoon almost 40 years ago that he is so conscious of the dangers of his own "tropical passion," which nevertheless surfaces aggressively all too often. And perhaps López Obrador found his method of atonement by filling his life with a redemptive mission. He would dedicate himself to the service of "the people." "Tabasco matures in blood," the poet Carlos Pellicer had written.

AMLO's career as a social leader and political activist began in 1976, as the campaign director for Pellicer, who ran as a PRI senator from the state of Tabasco and won. Perhaps it was López Obrador's idea to use some of Pellicer's campaign money to buy sewing machines and give them to the poor communities. Pellicer died in 1977, but not before recommending his disciple to the governor, Leandro Rovirosa, who noticed the impetuous young man's "social feeling" and placed him in charge of the center that assists Chontales, the indigenous people in Tabasco.

Thanks to the sudden (and fleeting) oil boom of those years, the federal and local government was able to support López Obrador in financing the construction of sanitation infrastructure and the provision of concrete floors, latrines, and living spaces for the indigenous community. The "Chontal sandbars" (little islands of solid ground taken from the waters, inspired by Aztec techniques) created by López Obrador would be the first of his high-profile "public works." The Chontales revere him to this day.

In 1982, the new leftist governor, Enrique González Pedrero, put him in charge of guiding the PRI at the state level. López Obrador set in motion an internal democratic reform that was not very different from what Madrazo had attempted in his day. As with Madrazo, the local political bosses rebelled against the reform plan. The governor—who thought that his reform was inspired by Cuba's Communist Party and reportedly told him, "This is not Cuba"—demanded AMLO's resignation and offered him instead the important post of chief of staff. López Obrador declined and moved with his family to Mexico City. Still within the confines of the PRI, he sought the presidency of Macuspana, a small municipality in Tabasco, and, when he failed to capture the PRI nomination, he forged an alliance with a coalition of leftist parties. His group ran alongside that of Cuahtémoc Cárdenas, who, feeling stripped of his legitimate victory as an independent candidate in the 1988 presidential elections, opted for founding the opposition Party of the Democratic Revolution (PRD). AMLO and other left-wing PRI dissidents soon joined him.

To a large extent, López Obrador built the PRD in Tabasco from the ground up: sleeping in poor communities, traveling through towns and villages, editing a combative newspaper. His first great success was the midterm elections of 1991. The PRI claimed complete victory, as always, but López Obrador protested the fraud and led an "exodus for democracy" to Mexico City. Five thousand peasants set out for the capital and camped in the *Zócalo*. The government of Carlos Salinas de Gortari succumbed to the pressure. López Obrador returned to Tabasco with a good harvest: three municipalities recognized for the PRD and the governor's imminent resignation.

In 1992, he organized successful mobilizations and marches in defense of temporary workers laid off by Pemex, the state-owned petroleum company. "The company," he remembers in *Between History and Hope*, "had to give in and pay for the basic needs of thousands of temporary workers, not only in Tabasco but in all oil-producing regions of the country." Two years later, following in the steps of Garrido and Madrazo, he ran for the governorship of Tabasco. His opponent was none other than Roberto Madrazo, the son of Carlos Madrazo, who, in contrast to his father, had followed a somewhat shady path of party orthodoxy. In his campaign, López Obrador offered 32 proposals that foreshadowed his politics and his policies as chief of government of the DF. He visited every municipality and met hundreds of thousands of citizens. "The people were fired up," he remembers. The elections were disputed, and, by a margin of barely 20,000 votes, victory was declared for Madrazo. López Obrador's sympathizers refused to accept the results. They occupied the Villahermosa town square, called for civil disobedience, and installed a parallel government.

All this occurred in the traumatic early days of Ernesto Zedillo's presidency. There was a financial crisis, an ongoing revolt in Chiapas, a political crisis in Tabasco, and Popocatépetl—the volcano that overlooks the valley of Mexico—was expelling its fumes. In January 1995, Zedillo, along with all of the country's political forces (including the PRD), agreed to a reform that would consolidate the autonomy of the Federal Electoral Institute and make a democratic transition throughout Mexico possible at last. For this reason, Zedillo did not step in to support Madrazo, who was conducting official affairs out of provisional offices in Villahermosa and waiting to assume power. Faced with the imminent danger of repression, López Obrador dissolved the waiting masses in the town square of Villahermosa. Shortly afterward, he once again fled to Mexico City, where he displayed boxes of documents that contained proof of the electoral fraud in Tabasco.

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Madrazo stayed in power, but a new opportunity appeared for López Obrador—his long-awaited chance to break into national politics. In 1996, he organized illegal takeovers of oil wells, declaring that he was acting in defense of temporary workers who had been laid off by Pemex—and also in protest against the company's environmental record. He appeared on national television drenched in blood after confrontations with federal and state police led to the incarceration of 200 followers. "This country does not get ahead by electoral processes," he confided to a friend. "It gets ahead with social movements."

He had arrived at his theory of permanent mobilization. While Madrazo sat in the governor's mansion with a tainted victory, AMLO was governing without being a governor. In 1996, he became president of the PRD, and, four years later, he was elected chief of government of Mexico City.

In December 2000, when *el Peje* assumed office in the DF, he had articulated his concept of true democracy not as liberal democracy but as "popular democracy." "The government," he proclaimed, "is the people organized, or, to put it another way, the best government is when the people organize themselves." Such a democracy requires a leader who would feel the "pulse of the people"—who would listen and channel the demands of "the people" without bureaucratic or institutional intermediaries.

As chief of government of Mexico City, López Obrador was popular and a populist. He distributed coupons exchangeable for about $70 worth of food per month to everyone over the age of 70. He also offered a wide range of other free benefits: health services, medicines, school supplies, public transportation passes, free breakfasts for children, and scholarships for students as well as for the disabled and unemployed. These programs won him a large amount of sympathy, but they did not really address the vast problems of Mexico City and its millions of inhabitants. "Andrés and his team did not really know the complexity of the problem," says Clara Jusidman, his friend of many years and his former boss at the Federal Institute for the Consumer, where AMLO worked during the 1980s.

During the PRD-led city administration of Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas in 1997 to 1999, Jusidman and her team had stitched together a wide and intricate network of "facilitators" in charge of tending to the enormous and diverse health care needs of the city. But, when AMLO came to power in 2000, everything changed. "All of that was dismantled," Jusidman told me, "replaced by simple measures with massive effects, like giving money to delegations directly or hastily making high schools and 'popular universities' ... where applicants don't have to meet any sort of requirement." Between 2000 and 2004, GDP growth in the DF lagged behind that of the rest of the country.

But the darkest aspect of López Obrador's term is the way he used his concept of popular democracy to weaken the law. In late 2003, in response to a judicial sentence signed by a circuit court, which obliged the government of the DF to pay an absurdly high sum for the expropriation of lands in a wealthy part of the city, López Obrador declared, in strangely evangelical tones, "Law that isn't just does not work. The law is made for man; man is not made for the law." And, he added:

> The court cannot be above the sovereignty of the people. Jurisprudence is precisely all about popular feeling. That is, if a law does not draw in the feeling of the people, it cannot work effectively. ... The law is neither a junta of notable people nor an almost divine power.

Now, if the law is unjust, there are institutional ways of changing it. The attorneys for the government of the DF made use of this recourse, and they were able to reduce substantially the sum for the land. But López Obrador treated the matter not as a legal one, but as a political one. By litigating it in the press and denying the authority of the circuit court, *el Peje* had shown Mexicans his idea of justice and his strangely conditional version of the separation of powers. A Tabascan friend of his explained that "he has a Marxist concept of law. For him, the law is a weapon of the bourgeoisie to dominate the proletariat."

López Obrador's distrust of the law led to the nadir of his government's performance. In 2002, President Vicente Fox pushed through a law of transparency that opened the workings of the federal government's public accounts to any citizen and immediately became a useful tool for the press to reduce corruption. Many state governments enacted the same law, but the DF's regime slowed it down and limited the idea, alleging that it was onerous. When AMLO's government was finally required to accept the law, it took its time finding office space for the new transparency organization. And, since the AMLO regime did not like the appointed council, it modified the law so that it could dissolve the council and appoint another.

In May 2004, another judicial proceeding began to occupy the front pages and the evening news. The DF government refused to respect a court order issued by a judge to stop the construction of a road. This prompted the attorney general to request that López Obrador be deprived of the legal immunity that he enjoys as an elected official. To preempt the possibility that he would be subjected to trial, López Obrador went on the offensive, trying to pit the people—and himself as their representative—against the law. He declared that he would not employ attorneys, but would defend himself. He added that, as an admirer of the Mahatma Gandhi and Nelson Mandela, he would prefer to go to jail rather than accept an order that he considered unjust. He declared that the judiciary was conniving with "dark forces," and he said that he would reform it as soon as he reached the presidency.

Curiously, at the end of 2004, López Obrador had himself photographed with a copy of a biography of Thomas Aquinas, whose political thinking does not exactly include a doctrine of the separation of powers. In AMLO's organic vi-

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sion of politics, which is disdainful of laws written by men and is deeply rooted in the political culture of Latino countries, popular sovereignty emanates from God toward the people. And who interprets the divine power for the people? The social leader who calls himself "the ray of hope" and whom others call *el Peje*.

Never were the divine origins of the chief of government more evident than on April 7, 2005, when López Obrador was stripped of his legal privileges. Again he pointed to "dark forces," but, this time, he included among them all of the powers of the union and threatened them with what would be the "verdict of history." After his speech, López Obrador marched to the *Zócalo*, where an enormous crowd venerated him. He was the "providential man." A group of old women carried a sign that said MAY GOD BLESS YOU, OUR RAY OF HOPE. Weeks later, the case would be resolved with a judicial dismissal ordered by Fox.

A year later, Adolfo Gilly, a historian of the Mexican twentieth century—and an old and respected leftist militant—wrote a column about the remarkable scene in *La Jornada*, Mexico's main left-wing newspaper. The inspiration for the "choreography and stagecraft" of AMLO's apotheosis in the *Zócalo*, Gilly explained—this personalized "mode of centralizing the organization on the figure of the Chief"—came from "the figure and ideas of the Tabascan Tomás Garrido Canabal."

He had a point. López Obrador had finally exported the "militant faith" of Tabasco to the highlands. He had turned the passions of the people against his version of "God and religion"—the law and "those from above" who wrote it—and made himself the messianic figure "who to the oppressed people / brought redemption." Toward the middle of 2004, a religious tone began to appear in López Obrador's interviews:

> I am calling together a movement of consciousness, a spiritual movement. Many people see me, humble people, what they tell me is that they are praying. ... I am very democratic and very mystic; I am in the hands of the people.

WHAT IS DISTURBING about López Obrador is not his social or economic program: Liberal opinion in Mexico can understand how a leftist democratic regime that is both responsible and modern could come to power. It is true that AMLO's program turns its back on the realities of the globalized world and includes extravagant plans and unattainable goals, but it also contains innovative ideas that are socially necessary. No, what is worrisome about López Obrador is López Obrador himself.

He does not represent a modern left; he represents an anti-modern left—the kind that is now stirring in many places in Latin America: radical and populist, and with a disturbing element of political messianism. "Here Andrés Manuel is like a belief. We ask for things for him when we are in church," said one woman from a Pentecostal community during his tour through Tabasco. MEXICO NEEDS A MESSIAH AND LÓPEZ OBRADOR HAS ARRIVED, read one placard in Guelatao, Oaxaca. López Obrador has encouraged such expectations of himself, in the certainty that he can fulfill them.

Will he become Mexico's democratically elected messiah? It is possible. So, of course, are other outcomes. The least probable is that López Obrador will be defeated on July 2 by a large margin (say, 7 percent), in which case the Tabascan savior would wait for another opportunity in 2012. If the margin were less than 7 percent, it is not difficult to imagine that he would replay his old strategy in Tabasco but, this time, probably without cause: disavow the results, claim electoral fraud, blame "the businessmen" and those "from above" and the "dark forces," hint of a conspiracy, call for civil disobedience, and support mass mobilizations of people throughout the country in order to demand new elections.

But the most likely outcome of the elections is still the triumph of López Obrador. In that case, Mexican democracy will face a new and momentous challenge. "Anointed" by the people, as he will no doubt experience his election, López Obrador could be tempted to dissolve democratic institutions, including the ban on reelection—in a single blow or little by little. This certainly seems to be the worry of Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, the historic leader of the Mexican left. Recently, Cárdenas made clear to me in a conversation that he does not dismiss the possibility of his old disciple's perpetuation in power. Perhaps he is right. Who ever heard of a term-limited messiah?

I do not mean to be too despairing. The political institutions of Mexico now place powerful obstacles in the way of dictatorial designs: the separation of powers, the autonomy of the judiciary, the newly won freedom of the press, the universally respected Federal Electoral Institute, and the Bank of Mexico. The economy is largely privatized and diversified, and federalism is a tangible reality: Governors and states have a significant degree of power in relation to the central government. In addition, two historic protagonists, the Church and the army, would represent a limit to any pretension to absolute power. The Church has already announced its firm support to pay respect to the popular vote, and the military is professional and apolitical. Most of all, Mexico can count on its citizenry. It has taken almost a century for the country to transition peacefully to democracy. Mexicans know this, and they value it. In opting for an unending social mobilization, for a politics of permanent apocalypse, López Obrador may eventually be devoured by his own fire.

If he finally comes to power, the "manna man" who has proposed to purify Mexico will discover that countries are not purified, but only bettered. He will discover that the world outside of Tabasco exists and that Mexico is a part of that world. He will discover that, in order to govern Mexico democratically, he will not only have to go from the tropics to the highlands, but also from the highlands to the global village. Messianic expectations always lead to post-messianic disillusionment. But the experience will be excruciating, and Mexico could lose precious time. ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Divining Divinity

THE FILM MEDIUM HAS just been given a tremendous salute—negative but tremendous. Only when the film version of THE DA VINCI CODE loomed did Christian protests swell around the world. Consider that Dan Brown's novel has sold (according to some reports) sixty million copies and is still rushing along. Figure conservatively that each copy has been read by two people. Thus a sizeable chunk of the world's population has read the book. And what was the outcry from vigilant Christian groups about this fact? Relatively faint. Books have been published about Brown's book, numberless articles written, but no Christian leader had suggested, as did one recently in India, that Christians fast unto death to protest the novel. Only the film brought such a drastic plea.

The theater, too, in a comparable instance, has not evoked an ecclesiastical storm. Last year the National Theater in London produced Howard Brenton's play *Paul*, about the apostle, in which there appeared Mary Magdalene as Jesus's wife and several apostles who try to convince Paul of Jesus's mortality, death, and burial in Syria. These are some of the matters in the *Da Vinci* film that enrage many Christians, but as for the Brenton play, although there were letters of protest before it opened, its run was undisturbed.

Hail, then, wry though the hailing be, to the immediacy and the ubiquity of film. Those of the faithful who feel that Brown's work attacks and offends their faith clearly recognize that film floods into a viewer's system of responses much more engulfingly than a book can. In a film, most of the work of transmutation from words to effect has already been done for the viewer.

This is a century-old truth, and when the adapted novel is a good one, it raises some unanswerable questions. For example, to those who questioned the very filming of *A Passage to India* because in considerable measure it displaced Forster with David Lean, the only sane response was "Stay home and re-read the book." With many a novel, however, the film version is superior—Alain Tavernier's *The Clockmaker* is one such. With Brown, the difference in quality is certainly in favor of the film. I couldn't read the book (all those one-sentence paragraphs, as if the author were out of breath), but I sat through the film. Tom Hanks and Ian McKellen helped as Brown could not.

How faithful Akiva Goldsman's screenplay is to the book I leave to Brownians. Undoubtedly many viewers will spend their time at the film comparing it with the book, favorably or not. I am free of this bondage. I can report that the screenplay is at the start far from lucid in setting forth characters and relationships and intents. And after the film has been barreling along for two hours of its 148-minute journey, it seems to have lost the ability to finish. Three or four times in the last half-hour, I thought the film was over, only to be jarred by more of it.

The story focuses on Robert Langdon, a professor of symbology at Harvard. Langdon is lecturing in Paris when a man is murdered at the Louvre, and he is called in to help explain some symbols on the body. Also brought in is a police cryptographer—a pretty young woman, of course—to collaborate. (Has there ever been a cryptographer on the Paris police force?) In collaboration with a police inspector and later in contest with him, the pair follow clues and have adventures in the territory of religious history. The central question is whether the story of Jesus was accurately reported in the Gospels.

Although the murder takes place in the vicinity of the *Mona Lisa* (which is featured on the paperback edition of the novel), the story has much more to do with *The Last Supper*. What is never touched in the film is the fact that if Da Vinci included a code in this painting, he must have believed in the ideas conveyed by that code. This, for good reason, is never asserted.

The adventurous pair contend throughout with an albino monk in murderous pursuit of those who are considered enemies of Christ by the religious eminences whom he serves. Involved, too, is a rich, elderly scholar, physically impaired, who knows Langdon and helps—for a while. It turns out, according to this story, after all the trails have been followed and codes unraveled, that Jesus had children and that the cryptologist is his linear descendant. (I can't really spoil the ending of a book that has had—is having—many millions of readers.)

Audrey Tautou is the cryptographer and in herself is the best refutation of the book's thesis. Pretty though she is, she is so flavorless, such a mere maker of faces, that it is hard to believe in her family tree. McKellen has a marvelous time as the old scholar, implying, as he goes plummily along, that it was worthwhile to do all the serious acting in his career because it brought him this well-paid frolic. Tom Hanks is Langdon. He continues to be a pleasant fellow to spend time with, which is not the same thing as giving a good performance. But the role as written would have hobbled Edwin Booth. Langdon has a lot of things to say and do, but we know little more about him at the long-delayed end than we did at the beginning. The director, Ron Howard, has worked with Hanks several times before, and they seem to get along with each other, comfortably but without distinction.

After all the shenanigans are over, what we are left with is neither the novel nor the film but the fact of the novel's oceanic success. (Cultural note: the Louvre is now offering its visitors, for

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rent or sale, an audio tour called "Step Inside the Da Vinci Code." So the Louvre has already stepped inside.) Social historians have doubtless been exploring the reasons that a book built on the non-divinity of Christ has swept the world. The attribution of common mortality to Jesus is not new—in fiction, at any rate. In the 1960s I read a novel, title forgotten, in which Jesus was gay. Part of Brown's explosive success may be because, despite the statistics about religious attendance, doubt is gnawing at millions. Or perhaps it is because, whetted for decades by the enlarged media, people thirst most of all for the inside story on anything. Exposé, even specious exposé, has become an obsession. ■

Alvaro Vargas Llosa
Democracy's Caudillo

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR: A LIFE
By John Lynch
(Yale University Press, 368 pp., $30)

TEN YEARS AGO, I WROTE A book titled *Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot* with the Colombian writer Plinio A. Mendoza and the Cuban writer Carlos A. Montaner. We have often been asked how we managed to agree on every sentence. The truth is that we didn't. We had a major disagreement. As a native of Colombia, Plinio was a great admirer of Simón Bolívar, the Venezuelan hero who liberated his nation from Spain in the early nineteenth century. As a native of Peru, I was resentful of the man who had assumed the title of dictator of the country where I was born. At one point the quarrel over Bolívar became so severe that it looked like we might have to drop the chapter on nationalism, in which Bolívar—a small man who drank little, danced like a god, never smoked, had a penchant for the hammock, was an incurable erotomaniac, and used only the mild "*carajo*" to curse—was a central figure. But without that chapter, there could be no book. In the end, we both made compromises to save it.

These are the kinds of passions that Bolívar, the liberator of five South American countries (six if you count Panama, which was part of Colombia), continues to arouse. Not even two like-minded South Americans are able to agree on whether he was a great founding father born ahead of his time or a part of the reason why South America, two centuries after it gained independence, is still in its political and economic infancy. My own view of him has become slightly more benign, though I still insist that the Liberator was not only a military force of nature but also a dangerous strongman who did not understand that the best way to prevent the things he feared—factionalism, and ethnic and class revolt against the Creole elite—was the rule of law, and not an allegedly enlightened but still authoritarian *caudillismo*.

John Lynch's new biography of Bolívar is sympathetic to its subject—more sympathetic, I think, than is warranted by the facts that it presents; but it is impeccably researched, uncommonly honest, and genuinely balanced, and also very well written. The general conclusion to which Lynch leads us is that Bolívar's failures were due to factors beyond his control, that the leader of the independence struggle was a victim of the times he lived in. I am not so sure. Even though he towered above his peers in many respects and was the undisputed architect of the end of colonial rule, Bolívar embodied the original sin of the Latin American republics: elitism, authoritarianism, and an unexamined passion for what we call social engineering. Bolívar, who began to fight for independence in 1810 and died in 1830 a lonely man, repudiated by the nations that he had liberated and misgoverned, was a better imitator of Napoleon than of the British institutions he so admired—a leader in whom the military instinct for glory and command and the civilian instinct for long-term institutions were unevenly mixed, to the effect that the former overwhelmed the latter.

Bolívar was certainly a much better *caudillo* than the others—more strategic, more visionary, more learned. But he, too, belongs in the annals of the *caudillos* of Latin America, and *caudillismo* is still the heart of the Latin American problem. Bolívar would have deserved more sympathy if he had struggled and failed to establish liberal republics and promote social mobility and foster integration from below—rather than concentrating power in the name of social order and devoting his time to grandiose schemes of supranational integration from the top down among precarious South American states fabricated over highly stratified societies.

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT Bolívar was a military genius, despite his scant training. He traveled some 75,000 miles (more than Columbus or Vasco da Gama) across peaks and valleys, learning from his defeats, forever fighting back, recruiting soldiers and raising resources in any way he could, exploiting his enemies' weaknesses, and using speed to overwhelm superior forces. After two failed attempts—starting in 1810 and 1813—at establishing an independent Venezuelan republic, he returned from exile in Haiti in December 1816 to try again. By the end of 1819, Bolívar had liberated Venezuela and Colombia (then called New Granada) and created a republic comprising those two countries plus Ecuador, which was still in Spanish hands. In 1822, he liberated Ecuador, upstaging José de San Martín, who had freed Argentina and Chile, declared Peru independent, and set his sights on Guayaquil. In 1824, he went on to complete the liberation of Peru before sealing Bolivia's independence the following year.

Bolívar's strategic audacity, combined with a talent for picking good generals, such as Francisco de Paula Santander and especially Antonio José de Sucre, made him irresistible. As a military leader, he had fire in his belly: "I am consumed by the demon of war, determined to finish this struggle, one way or the other." But the military genius, alas, was a political utopian, and therefore a failure. His grand designs all ended in tears. By 1830, Colombia, Peru, and Ecuador had gone their separate ways;

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and his attempt to create an Andean confederation ended in war between various nations; and the Panama congress that he envisioned as the stepping stone toward a hemisphere-wide federation that would coordinate foreign policy and resolve disputes collapsed almost as soon as it was inaugurated in 1826.

But Bolívar's failure is not the problem. The apologists for Bolívar actually revel in his failure to unite South America, because it makes a martyr out of him, and turns his enemies into an early version of the reactionary twentieth-century conspiracy against progressive revolution. The real Bolívar problem is to be found, rather, in some of his goals themselves, and in the man's political behavior.

Lynch admits that Bolívar's dreams of uniting the various countries were "illusory," because they underestimated the power of factionalism; but he justifies Bolívar's effort to be a supranational leader on the grounds of political necessity. "He saw the liberation of Venezuela and New Granada could not be accomplished separately, granted Spain's ability to exploit the dividing line...," Lynch writes. "A unified front then had to be protected against Spanish counterrevolution from the south, and so Ecuador had to be won and brought into the union." This is a benevolent interpretation. Bolívar was a man in search of glory ("I detest ruling as strongly as I love glory") who had a passion for military affairs and loathed administration, and who therefore neglected the affairs of state, leaving them to his vice presidents so he could continue his military adventures. After becoming president of the republic of Colombia (made up of Venezuela, New Granada, and most of Ecuador), he left his vice president in charge and did not return for five years. During that time, he exasperated the Colombian government with constant requests for money that it no longer had to finance his campaigns. In between those campaigns, he would find time to send letters giving his opinion on all sorts of political and administrative matters from which he was far removed.

In his "Cartagena Manifesto" of 1812, Bolívar had spoken of "ethereal republics" in which institutions are built, as Lynch reminds us, on "abstract and rationalist principles far removed from concrete reality and the needs of time and place." He died in December 1830, a broken man banished from his home country who had taken refuge in, of all places, the house of a wealthy Spaniard in northern Colombia, after a series of political rivals exploited his failed attempt to have the new constitution reflect his own political interests and his short-lived assumption of dictatorial powers. By then Bolívar's institutional legacy was precisely that: ethereal, removed from reality, a fig leaf for strongman rule. "Bolívar was not a dictator by nature," argues Lynch, "and he did not regard absolute power as a permanent settlement." This, too, seems overly kind about a man who assumed dictatorial power in Caracas in 1813, in Angostura in 1817, in Lima in 1824, and finally in Bogotá in 1828 after his attempt to reform the constitution of Colombia that had been adopted in 1821 failed. (Whether he also assumed authoritarian powers in Bolivia for a very brief period in 1825 is debatable.)

Lynch suggests that "to criticize Bolívar ... for not being a liberal democrat rather than a conservative absolutist, is to leave conditions out of the argument." He adds that Bolívar "could not be expected to win a completely new order in society and economy, for these were founded on long-term conditions rooted in history, environment and people, and not easily challenged by mere legislation." A significant point seems to be missing here: Bolívar did not really attempt to establish the rule of law. His actions actually contributed to that general "chaos" of which Lynch thinks he was the victim.

I asked the historian Elías Pino Iturrieta, one of Venezuela's foremost authorities on Bolívar, what he thinks. "Bolívar was an aristocrat well informed about liberal tendencies," he told me, "but abysmally detached from the people." In his letter from Jamaica in 1815, the historian explained, Bolívar spoke of "a new human gender" destined to be free, but he included only aristocrats within it. He maintained this line until his speech before the congress of Angostura in 1819, when he confessed his republicanism and spoke of citizenship. But then he insisted that candidates for citizenship were inept because of the Spanish culture. That is why he wanted a hereditary senate and a "moral power" (a fourth branch of government) whose object would be to have white Creoles teach social virtues to the rest. Insofar as his ideas were not shared by the liberal elites, he attempted an institutional reform that would make him the "father of the family" on whom the destiny of society would hinge.

When Bolívar returned to Colombia after his long journey in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, he tried to change the constitution and to introduce authoritarian elements such as the life presidency and the hereditary senate. He also toyed with the idea of crowning himself king. He did not do it in the end, and should be admired for ultimately restraining his supporters, but there is written proof—and Lynch refers to it—indicating that he was not at all averse to the monarchical notion (in this way, as in many others, he must not be compared to George Washington) and let the monarchists entertain it for too long, thereby further inflaming passions.

José García Hamilton, an Argentinean scholar of Bolívar, believes that the Liberator was consistently dictatorial: "In his Jamaica Letter [1815] and in the constituent convention of Angostura [1819] Bolívar postulated a political system with a life-term presidency, a hereditary chamber made up of the generals who had achieved independence.... The Angostura convention did not approve this system for Venezuela, nor did the Cúcuta convention approve it in 1821, but Bolívar then wrote a constitution for Bolivia that included both elements. Although it was not approved as such in Bolivia, it was adopted in Peru [1825]. He then tried to extend that system to Colombia, but Santander (the vice president of Colombia) told him the procedure he was trying to use was not legal. 'It may not be legal,' replied Bolívar, 'but it is popular and therefore right for a republic which is democratic.'"

There is some truth to García Hamilton's statement that Bolívar "was the creator of military populism in Latin America, to which Santander in Bogotá and Bernardino Rivadavia [Argentina's president] in Buenos Aires were opposed." I would add that Bolívar poured scorn on *caudillos* and local chieftains who stood in his way only when they did not suit his purposes. Otherwise, he was happy to be their ally. Lynch himself points out that in 1821 Bolívar "issued a decree that in effect institutionalized *caudillismo*" by establishing two politico-military regions, one in the east and the other in the west, controlled by two

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caudillos who later came to haunt him and the country. Both usurped large amounts of land and created virtual dictatorships in their fiefdoms.

Bolívar rightly understood the political realities of his day. Going up against every local *caudillo* was not an option. But too often he made concessions to them beyond the exigencies of political necessity. In fact, toward the end of his life, Bolívar sided with José Antonio Páez, one of the *caudillos* whom he had legitimized in 1821, against Santander's efforts to institutionalize the republic of Colombia. Santander had many flaws, but he was aiming in the right direction; Páez was just a typical *caudillo*.

OTHER HISTORIANS TEND TO agree with the type of argument that Lynch gives in support of Bolívar's political efforts. The Venezuelan historian Inés Quintero told me that "his political failure was due to the complexity of the contradictions triggered by the independence process. I don't think the scale and the depth of the conflicts that originated with independence could be dealt with immediately and successfully. Bolívar ... was a child of the Enlightenment with all the good things and the bad things the Enlightenment entailed."

I think that Bolívar aggravated rather than contained those anarchical, violent forces triggered by the independence struggle. He was obsessed with preventing *pardocracia*—a revolution by mestizos, *pardos* (coloreds), and blacks against the white elites who continued to rule after independence. He had always been conscious of this social divide, and of the numerical disadvantage of his race and class in a society in which blacks, mestizos, and Indians constituted three-quarters of the population. The rebellion of José Tomás Boves and his ruthless *llaneros* in the plains of Venezuela in 1814—the cause of the collapse of the second independent republic—left a deep mark on Bolívar.

He was also disturbed by the Haitian revolution. Dessalines, the former slave, had decapitated every white person who stood in his way before being assassinated himself in 1806; and a civil war subsequently produced a despotic regime in the north and a milder one in the south. Bolívar talked many times about his fear that a *guerra de colores*, a war of colors, could destroy the republic. The obsession with preventing *pardocracia* in Venezuela became a driving force of everything that Bolívar did militarily and politically, including the decision to fight on in other countries after independence had been achieved in his own, and the execution of former lieutenants such as Manuel Piar, and his alliance with local *caudillos* such as Páez, and, most importantly, the concentration of excessive power in his own hands.

Lynch's biography addresses this issue very well while at the same time justifying Bolívar's fear of *pardocracia*. One major point that is not stressed forcefully enough is that Bolívar's great achievement early in the independence struggle was to turn the *pardos*, who had violently opposed the white Creole elites early on, against Spain. Juan Bosch, the late Dominican author and politician, devoted an entire book to this issue, called *Bolívar y la Guerra Social*, or *Bolívar and the Social War*. There are Marxist elements in his argument, but he suggests convincingly that Bolívar turned the energy of the colored masses away from their initial target—the elites—and toward the common enemy, the Spanish colonial regime. He calculated that keeping them in a constant state of war was the best way to spend that energy, and to deflect it from the leaders of the new republic. Bosch attributes Bolívar's military overreach to this fear. I would add that his failure to let go of the reins of power and establish solid institutions partly stemmed from this fixation.

Prior to independence, the Spanish monarchy had been on the side of the lower classes for years, promoting a measure of social mobility, something the white Creole elite resented very much. Bosch argues that "the War to the Death," a campaign of terror announced by Bolívar in 1813 declaring that even neutral Spaniards would be executed, was "an attempt by the young general to turn the social war—the anarchy, as he called it—into a war of independence." Although the second republic that resulted from that effort was short-lived, Bolívar's strategy would pay off later. His genius consisted in redirecting the popular hostility that had been unleashed against the elites toward the enemy.

But ultimately this anger would turn against him, in part because he boycotted liberal efforts to establish durable institutions that could control these forces, and in part because his dictatorial power structure reinforced, often unwittingly, the social stratification that these masses resented. The fear of racial and class revolt led the Liberator to adopt absurd measures, such as abolishing indigenous communities in Peru. He thought that abolishing this communal form of land tenure and distributing small individual plots would empower Indians. It did exactly the opposite: the disruption eventually opened the doors through which the local elites managed to usurp those properties and concentrate land in very few hands.

IN HIS BOOK *EL CULTO A BOLÍVAR*, or *The Cult of Bolívar*, the Venezuelan scholar Germán Carrera Damas argues that from 1812 to 1814 the war was fought by the rich, and from 1814 to 1817 it was fought by the *pardos* and the slaves, and from 1819 onward it was conducted by the rich again, the landowners and the commercial monopolists. The *caudillos* were under their control. In some cases, the *caudillos* acquired so much property that they themselves became part of the rich elite. Bolívar's blunder was to contain, rather than to open, the doors of social mobility. He did not quite recognize the disjunction between the theoretical constitutions that he and his men passed and the kind of stratified

Memo from My Future Self

Offered the feast
Fool will you choose hunger

How many times must
I return here

Great Eye
At your keyhole

Fact: particles observed will
Jump flight paths

"Now" a kite-song
Saxophone over rooftops

Call it longing
Whatever wind you've

Set in motion these
Chinese lanterns bobbing—

Pontoons between
You and a silver shore

ELLEN WEHLE

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society that existed beneath them. In his elitist view of the economy, shopkeepers and small traders were "vulgar people."

Wealth was based on land. As Lynch aptly states, "In Venezuela, where the colonial aristocracy was reduced both in numbers and importance, the great estates passed into the hands of a new creole and mestizo oligarchy, the successful warlords of independence." So the faces may have changed, but the system was left almost intact, despite some mobility among *pardos* in education and in government. After independence, some ten thousand whites of Spanish descent owned Venezuela. Half a million *pardos* and mestizos were left out, many of them herded by the new elite into the haciendas and ranchos for minimal pay.

Some of the measures taken by Bolívar were just, such as abolishing the Indian tribute and unpaid labor services, but for many Indians this simply meant having to pay more taxes as normal citizens. The real problem was that they were not in practice equal before the law, they owned very little property, and they could not engage in productive and commercial activities of their own because property rights essentially depended on the ruling elite. Bolívar, distracted by military matters and obsessed with containing *pardocracia*, never really attempted to change this state of affairs. When he attempted reform, as in Colombia when he restored reservation land to Indians, he did not enforce it, leaving the legislators and the administrators to deal with the details and going on to conquer more lands. What happened in practice, as Lynch rightly demonstrates, is that the land became alienated and ended up in the hands of large landowners. A great opportunity was missed to create a property-owning society. Without it, there was no hope of a liberal republic under the rule of law. The British Whigs and the Founding Fathers of the United States, whom Bolívar greatly admired, understood the underpinnings of a free society in a way he himself never did.

Lynch attributes these failings to circumstance. But philosophically and politically, Bolívar's priorities should have been different. Placing limits on government and decentralizing power had been the great achievement of the Founding Fathers. But the concentration and the centralization of power was the ominous legacy of Latin America's independence struggle. Whatever other achievements Bolívar managed, and he managed plenty, this constitutes a fundamental flaw in his vision and leadership.

UNLIKE OTHER ADMIRERS OF Bolívar, John Lynch is honest about the Liberator's shortcomings, about the four shadows that darken his reputation among less fervent observers: his betrayal of Francisco de Miranda, the precursor of South America's independence; the execution of hundreds of prisoners at La Guaira prison; the "War to the Death" at the start of the campaign that led him to establish the second republic; and the execution of Manuel Piar, one of his own men, for insubordination. When the first republic collapsed, Miranda was captured by Bolívar just as he was about to flee Venezuela and handed over to the royalists (he would die a few years later in a Spanish prison). Bolívar's justification was that Miranda had capitulated too soon and that his departure would leave the royalists free to renege on the terms of the capitulation. Lynch does not justify him, and he is right. Lynch is more understanding about the War to the Death decree, when, having learned the lesson of the collapse of the first republic, Bolívar decided to fight a ruthless campaign in order to instill fear in the enemy. The decree ultimately became a blanket authorization for indiscriminate repression. Bolívar encouraged or tolerated the execution and persecution of Spaniards and Americans who had committed the sin of being neutral or not helpful enough.

War is never lovely. But Bolívar's tactics were particularly ruthless: he liberated slaves only if they would serve in the army of liberation, he plundered the treasury and took over other people's estates to funds his campaigns, he decreed martial law to fill his ranks with those who had no appetite for war, and he executed many people. When he was fighting the revolt of the *llaneros* that eventually led to the collapse of the second republic, he ordered the execution of some eight hundred prisoners at La Guaira. Lynch devotes little attention to this episode and adopts a neutral tone, explaining that it was an action taken in light of the atrocities committed by the opposite side.

More justified, though equally illustrative of Bolívar's ruthlessness, was the execution of his ally Piar, a mulatto who had fought the Spaniards in the east. Piar enjoyed his own power base and did not want to conform to Bolívar's leadership. The Liberator had him executed, which he justified years later on the ground that Piar's death was "a political necessity ... for otherwise he would have started a war of *pardos* against whites." Again, Bolívar's fear of racial conflict led him to act against Piar in a way that he did not act against Santander years later, when the white Creole revolutionary allowed an assassination attempt against Bolívar to go ahead in Colombia.

These actions were part of a war fought for the right reasons, but they were also the characteristics of a leader for whom the ends too often justified the means, and whose ultimate goal became confused with considerations of power rather than institution-building. Bolívar saw Santander, his vice president, as "the man of laws," and himself as "the man of difficulties"; and it is a telling distinction.

THE CULT OF BOLÍVAR IS A fascinating—and frightening—phenomenon in South America. It has now been taken up by Hugo Chávez for reasons of political convenience. (Meanwhile, Chávez is busy destroying the Andean Community of Nations because this regional bloc does not conform to his goal of scrapping the free trade agreements that some of the Andean countries have signed with the United States. Bolívar, who was pro-American and pro-integration, would cringe.) For much of the twentieth century, Bolívar's cult was a thing of the right; but no more, as Chávez's myth-making worship of Bolívar demonstrates. Quintero, who has written about the use of Bolívar's ideas by the right and the left, thinks that "the procedure is the same in both cases: they use Bolívar's ideas in a way that serves their purposes and they take him out of context. Some do it on the Caesarian right, others on the revolutionary left."

As Pito Iturrieta, the author of important works on the "deification" of Bolívar, has shown, the cult of Bolívar started in 1842, when his remains were taken to Caracas. Then he became a prophet who foresaw the rise of dictator Antonio Guzmán Blanco in the nineteenth century, the tyranny of Juan Vicente Gómez between 1908 and 1935, the dictatorship of Pérez Jiménez between 1952 and 1958, the democratic governments that succeeded him, and

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now *chavismo*. The link between "Caesarism" and "Bolivarianism," Iturrieta believes, started during the regime of Gómez in Venezuela, as the result of a book by Laureano Vallenilla called *Democratic Caesarism*, which appeared in 1919 and was translated into Italian in the fascist era, and applauded by Mussolini. It was also admired by the publicists of the Falange in Spain, among them Giménez Caballero, who said that Bolívar was a precursor of Franco. So Chávez has simply turned the cult around and transformed Bolívar into the precursor of his own revolution; and he has tied this trick to the popular liturgy that has surrounded Bolívar since the nineteenth century. If Bolívar were alive today, Iturrieta observes, he would be surprised to see a *zambo*, an individual of black and Amerindian origin, inhabiting the presidential palace and speaking in his name.

One could add, against the left-wing cult of Bolívar, that the Liberator was certainly no anti-imperialist. He constantly asked for Britain's protection, even going as far as to offer London control of Nicaragua and Panama in exchange for help against Spain, and he applauded the Monroe Doctrine as a way of keeping French and Spanish ambitions at bay. In a great essay called "Marx and Bolívar," the Venezuelan writer Ibsen Martínez quotes a letter from Marx to Engels in which he says that Bolívar "was the real Soulouque." (Soulouque was the Haitian revolutionary who crowned himself emperor and established a reign of terror in his country.) In other writings, Marx accuses Bolívar of being incapable of "any long-term effort."

Martínez documents the enthusiasm for Bolívar among supporters of dictatorship in other countries, and concludes: "It was only a matter of time before ... a demagogic Lieutenant Colonel and a populist, supported by the militaristic left ... educated in a military academy which, like that of Venezuela, was always the temple of the most fundamentalist Bolivarian theology, opted for changing the name of the Republic of Venezuela." He is referring to the fact that Chávez has changed his country's name to the Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela. The Liberator, a man of the elite who believed in oligarchic institutions and spent a good deal of his life trying to avoid social revolution, is now the icon of left-wing populism. He must be turning in his grave. ■

Michael Scammell
Fear and the Muse

ANNA OF ALL THE RUSSIAS:
THE LIFE OF ANNA AKHMATOVA
By Elaine Feinstein
(Alfred A. Knopf, 331 pp., $27.50)

ONE DAY IN THE FALL OF 1939, a tall middle-aged woman dressed in black slowly shuffled forward in a long line of hundreds of other women outside the Kresty prison in Leningrad. It was freezing cold, and like the others she was holding a package of food for an imprisoned relative, in this case her only son. He had already served a term of hard labor on the White Sea Canal, and was now in another part of the gulag in the far north of Russia. Suddenly someone in the line called the tall woman by name, causing a blue-lipped younger woman behind her to start with surprise. "Can you describe this?" asked the younger one. "Yes, I can," said the tall woman. "I can."

The tall middle-aged woman was Anna Akhmatova, one of Russia's greatest modern poets, and *Requiem 1935–1940*, the work she wrote about her experiences during those years, became one of the greatest Russian poems of the twentieth century. It stands beside Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*, a very different kind of work, as a precious monument not simply to the ordeal of a single individual, but also to the unparalleled suffering of a whole people, the Russian people under the communist yoke, and especially during the worst excesses of the Stalinist terror:

> At first light, they led you away,
> and like
> a mourner at a funeral I followed
> your bier.
> Children were crying in the
> front room.
> The candle guttered under the icon
> and your lips were cold, as if painted,
> your forehead deathly wet.
> These moments I shall never forget.

This verse in the poem was actually written in 1935, the year Akhmatova's son, Lev, and her lover, Nikolai Punin, were arrested for the first time; but most of the work was composed in the cruel winters of 1939 and 1940, after her son's second arrest. Akhmatova continued to add to the poem until 1961, when Khrushchev's "thaw" made it seem possible that she might even publish it. Throughout those twenty years the poem's very existence was a deep secret. Akhmatova was too afraid even to write it down. She committed it to memory, and persuaded her friend Lydia Chukovskaya to do the same. It was never published in the Soviet Union in her lifetime, and finally it appeared in an émigré journal in Munich in 1963.

There was little in Akhmatova's early life and career to foreshadow the symbolic position that she later came to occupy. "This cruel age has deflected me," she wrote in 1944, "like a river from its course.../my changeling life has flowed/into a sister channel." Her original channel had been vastly different. She was born Anna Andreyevna Gorenko in 1889, and spent most of her childhood in and around St. Petersburg. When she started writing poetry, her father begged her to change her name to spare the family's reputation. He was a member of the minor nobility and thought poetry was too bohemian an occupation to be respectable. Anna called herself Akhmatova, after a Tatar great-grandmother who was said to be descended from the legendary Genghis Khan. The name sounded romantic and mysterious, and there was something eye- and ear-catching about that triple rhyme with its dactylic meter. It had a self-confident ring to it, underlining a sense of vocation that she experienced early and never abandoned.

Anna's father was a bully and a womanizer, her mother a beautiful helpless victim. All of this imprinted a pattern on the young girl that she was to replicate repeatedly in her own life, though her extraordinary poetic gifts and artistic

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temperament were to compensate for her disappointments in love. The paradox of her dual nature was displayed in many ways. She was strikingly tall for a woman of her time, five foot eleven in her stocking feet, with gray-green eyes, pale skin, jet black hair, an aquiline nose, and a slender, athletic body. Her great beauty ensured that she would be "sketched, painted, cast, carved and photographed" (as Joseph Brodsky recalled) from an early age, most famously by Modigliani when they met in Paris. In time that noble face with its haughty gaze, even when ravaged by time and illness, would become one of the best known and most beloved in Russia.

Men flocked to her in droves. But this brilliant and commanding young woman, far from dominating the less gifted admirers who surrounded her, invariably ended up jilted and disappointed in love. Unhappy marriages and disastrous love affairs continued almost until the end of her life. She was like an exotic moth who could never resist the flame. And it was this propensity for romantic entanglements that fueled her early poetry.

Her first two collections, *Evening* and *Rosary*, published in 1912 and 1914 respectively, were overwhelmingly about unhappy or unrequited love. In 1910 she had married the tempestuous poet Nikolai Gumilyov (he had first proposed to her when she was fourteen), by whom she had her first and only son, but they had fallen out of love with each other almost as soon as they were married, and both pursued extramarital affairs. Akhmatova's poems from this period record her fluctuating emotions of hope and fear, trust and betrayal, anger and forgiveness.

What attracted the notice of discerning readers of these verses was their psychological complexity and emotional restraint. These were not the simple love lyrics or sentimental diary entries of what the Russians liked to call a "poetess," but a proud and self-confident commentary on love's vicissitudes as they affected a full-blooded woman who was fully the equal of her partners. And they were shot through with a stoic irony that was quite unusual for the genre. "A woman loved can ask whatever she wants," she wrote in one poem. "One loved no longer can ask for nothing." "I don't want happiness,/ I'll see off my husband to his sweetheart," she wrote in another poem. And in a third: "Give her my poems to read,/ Give her portraits of me."

Despite their stormy marriage, Gumilyov took his talented young wife to Vyacheslav Ivanov's "Tower," where famous Symbolist poets of Russia's Silver Age, such as Blok, Beli, Bryusov, and others, gathered to gossip, drink, and read their poetry. Soon she was reading there herself, but later she followed Gumilyov and his friend Osip Mandelstam in turning away from Symbolism to form the so-called Poets' Guild or Acmeist group of writers, who embraced classical precision of language, clarity of imagery, and traditional meters, in a rebellion against what they regarded as the debased mystical effusions and apocalyptic visions of their predecessors. When later asked to explain Acmeism, Mandelstam defined it as "a nostalgia for world culture," meaning the classical culture of Greece and Rome and the literature of the Renaissance.

As World War I, and then revolution, and then civil war raged in Russia, to be followed by Stalin's ice age, Akhmatova's personal life seems to have continued much as before. During the war she fell deeply in love with a cosmopolitan rake named Boris Anrep, who abandoned her and emigrated to London after the Bolshevik coup of 1917. Divorcing Gumilyov, she married an irascible Babylonian scholar named Vladimir Shileiko, who was considerably older than she was, and when she tired of his bullying and his jealousy, she moved on to the noted art historian Nikolai Punin. Punin was in many ways the love of her life, but he, too, was a disaster. Congenitally promiscuous, Punin was married to a doctor when Akhmatova met him, and was to remain married to her throughout their long affair—which did not stop Akhmatova from moving into Punin's Leningrad apartment (on a famous street, the Fontanka) and staying in one room (where he came at night) for fifteen years, even after Punin's wife had given birth to a baby daughter. Then Punin, still married, took another mistress to live with him, forcing Akhmatova to move to another room, and they remained that way until their evacuation during World War II. She briefly returned after the war was over, this time with the addition of Punin's granddaughter, and when Punin's new mistress had become his second wife.

These affairs of the heart, interspersed with many briefer entanglements, continued to serve as a literary inspiration for Akhmatova throughout her life, and were especially prominent in her third collection of poems, *White Flock* (1917), which was dedicated in large part to her relationship with Anrep. But she was aware of the existence of that "other channel" from an early age, and she was not entirely indifferent to the historical storms raging about her, as she had shown in a prophetic poem, "July 1914." Written on the eve of World War I, it describes a stranger coming to her yard and telling her: "Frightening times are approaching. Soon/fresh graves will cover the land." The stranger predicts "earthquakes, plague and famine," but the poet is not afraid. Russia's enemies will not prevail, because "the mother of God herself will spread/a white cloth over our sorrows."

In *White Flock*, published when thousands of upper-class Russians were streaming into exile, Akhmatova proudly asserted that she would refuse to leave her "remote and sinful country" for the "green island" where Anrep had sought refuge and "betrayed" his native land. Her attachment to the "holy body" of Russia was too strong. She was always deeply patriotic, even nationalist in her beliefs, and her Orthodox faith was equally grounded in her love of Russian tradition.

The Bolshevik coup and ensuing revolution plunged the country into the bloodbath of civil war, and some sense of her growing bitterness found its way into the title poem of Akhmatova's next collection, *Anno Domini MCMXXI*, which was written in the summer of 1921.

> Everything has been plundered,
> betrayed or sold,
> the black wings of death flicker
> over us.
> The pain of starvation gobbles
> everything.

That same year Gumilyov was executed as an "enemy of the people," and Akhmatova found her life brutally pushed from its course and deflected into its new channel. Her old world was coming to an end.

> Terror fingers all things in the dark
> Leads moonlight to the axe.
> There's an ominous knock behind

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the wall:
A ghost, a thief, or a rat....

Anno Domini MCMXXI was to be Akhmatova's last published book for nearly twenty years. Stalin's purge of Russian writers continued throughout the 1930s, and its magnitude was brought home to Akhmatova when Stalin launched his murderous terror campaign after the assassination of Kirov in 1934. Mandelstam was among the many thousands arrested, though he was lucky to be sent into exile. Akhmatova visited him there and wrote a moving poem about him:

And in the room of the disgraced
poet
Fear and the Muse take turns
on watch.
And the night goes on
Which does not know of dawn.

Four years later Mandelstam was arrested again, and Akhmatova received the news of his death just before she began *Requiem*. There can be little doubt that grief over the fate of one of her dearest friends was as much a spur to write the poem as pity for her imprisoned son.

AKHMATOVA REGARDED IT AS almost miraculous that she was not among the physical victims of Stalin, but she by no means escaped unscathed. It was widely felt that the arrests of Punin and Lev in the post-Kirov terror campaign of 1935 were a means of getting at her, a warning to her. Though both men were quickly released after a direct appeal to Stalin, Lev was arrested again in 1938 (and Punin again after World War II), and was held as a sort of hostage against Akhmatova's good behavior. She was frightened into silence for several years, the muse helplessly conceding to fear in the face of the terror, and in 1950 she yielded, writing and publishing a handful of loyal poems "in praise of peace." Lev, having been released during the war, had been arrested again in 1949, and Akhmatova hoped that with her pen she could somehow ease his lot. But apart from that temporary and understandable lapse, she held firm, and the real fruit of Lev's persecution, and her own ordeal, was *Requiem*.

Akhmatova sat out the war years in Tashkent, where she started and largely finished another long poem, *Poem Without a Hero*, that was vastly different from *Requiem*. Also autobiographical in inspiration, *Poem Without a Hero* ranged all the way back to the Silver Age in Russia and forward to World War II, and interrogated Akhmatova's changing role as a poet in the turbulent years between. Parts were written in an almost surrealist, phantasmagorical vein, recalling long-gone friends and lovers; other parts called up the literary ghosts of Russia's past, notably Pushkin and Blok, whom Akhmatova regarded as her literary predecessors. The poem ended with a lament for the scorched earth of Russia at the time of the war:

And under my eyes unraveled
That road so many had traveled,
By which they led away my son.

.....

Filled with mortal dread yet
Knowing the calendar
Of vengeance, having wrung
Her hands, her dry eyes lowered,
Russia
Walked before me towards the east.

PARADOXICALLY, THE OUTBREAK of World War II brought relief to many Russians by liberating them from Stalin's terror and the draconian grip of the party's iron hand. It re-awoke their patriotic spirit, and Akhmatova shared in the temporary euphoria. She was admitted to the Writers' Union, and there was talk of publishing some of her poems again. Indeed, a slim selection of her work, *From Six Books*, did appear, but it was quickly withdrawn. In the early days of the war she wrote poems on the fall of Paris, the London blitz, and the evacuation of Leningrad, and in Tashkent she worked on *Poem Without a Hero*. After the war, her work began to appear in magazines, and another book seemed in the offing, but in 1946 Andrei Zhdanov, the head of the party in Leningrad, launched his blistering attack on Akhmatova and the humorist Mikhail Zoshchenko, branding them reactionary throwbacks unworthy of Soviet literature. He mocked Akhmatova as "half-harlot" and "half-nun," twisting a comment that the critic Boris Eikhenbaum had made about her early love lyrics in the 1920s, and derided her

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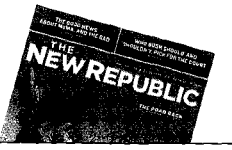

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subjects (her "narrow private life, her trivial experiences, and her religious-mystical eroticism") as "totally foreign to the people."

Once again Akhmatova tasted the "bitter fame" of which she had written in one of her early poems, and she disappeared from public view for another ten years, until after Stalin's death and the introduction of Khrushchev's "thaw." In 1957, *Poem Without a Hero* was published in its entirety in the small-circulation Leningrad almanac *Poetry Day*, and a slim volume of her poems appeared a year later. Akhmatova was "rediscovered" by a new generation of critics and poets (notably the young Brodsky), who could hardly believe her miraculous survival. With her links to the Silver Age (emphasized in *Poem Without a Hero*), she truly seemed a ghost from the past, a living bridge to the era of Blok, Bely, Bryusov, and other giants of a time when literature was uncensored and pursued for its own sake.

She spent the last ten years of her life surrounded by helpers and admirers, basking in belated and deserved celebrity. *Requiem* still could not be published in the Soviet Union, but it began to circulate by word of mouth, and it was learned by heart by hundreds of devotees, while more and more of the marvelous and bitter poems she had written over the course of forty years found their way into print. Only then did the full extent of her achievement begin to become known, and when she died in 1966, a huge crowd overflowed the church where her body lay. Despite continuing efforts by the party to minimize her importance (her funeral was scheduled for International Women's Day), Akhmatova was escorted to her grave as a heroine, a martyr, and a great artist of her time.

IT HAS TO BE SAID THAT THIS, THE essential story of Akhmatova's tragic life, can be extracted only with great difficulty from Elaine Feinstein's wildly erratic and infuriatingly uneven biography. Indeed, Feinstein's book presents a mystery all of its own. Feinstein is a British poet and novelist who has written brief but competent and even stimulating biographies of several other poets, including Pushkin, Ted Hughes, and Marina Tsvetaeva. In those books Feinstein writes fluent English, organizes her material efficiently, unfolds the action with sufficient tension to hold the reader's interest, and offers insights and characterizations that carry considerable conviction. But here, for some extraordinary reason, the author of those earlier books is rarely to be found. The action of *Anna of All the Russias* proceeds in fits and starts, characterizations are perfunctory and contradictory, background information is presented in the form of wooden and mechanical digressions, and individual chapters appear as collections of anecdotes stitched together with too many non sequiturs and a large number of clichés.

As the book limps from citation to citation, every other paragraph is nailed down with a precise date and a clunkily identified source, as if to make up for the absence of connecting tissue and continuous commentary. The text sports a plethora of "buts," "howevers," and "nevertheless" that do not contrast anything, the tenses are frequently jumbled, and the reader is constantly left to make sense of sentences that seem to end in mid-air. This book contains some of the most breathtakingly clumsy writing I have ever read, raising the question of how on earth it got through the editorial offices of its respected publishers.

Fortunately, all biographies, good, bad, or indifferent, end up benefiting from the reflected glory of their subjects. A bad biographer, like a bad translator, can dim the luster of the object of her attention, but she can never quite extinguish it, and Feinstein's book, despite its clumsiness, still manages to convey some of the magic of the Russian poet. There is, first of all, the inherent fascination of Akhmatova's paradoxical personality. Even glimpsed through the distorting lens of Feinstein's fractured prose, she emerges as a figure of immense talent and psychological complexity, while her travails, both personal and public, compel pity and awe. Feinstein mines the poetry for autobiographical content, and concentrates on Akhmatova's intimate and private life more than most critics and biographers have done; and while there is a hint of voyeurism in her probing of Akhmatova's erotic adventures (and her suggestion of a lesbian dimension to Akhmatova's love life), her approach seems justified by the subject matter of so much of Akhmatova's poetry, and by the tendency of Russian critics to shy away from such topics.

WHERE THIS ATTENTION TO the poet's private life really pays off is in Feinstein's depiction of the conflicted relationship between Akhmatova and her son. It is reasonably clear that Lev's tormented life and sufferings in the gulag were largely the result of his unfortunate parentage—his father an executed counter-revolutionary, his mother a suspected sympathizer and accomplice. It is also clear that in conventional terms Akhmatova was a bad mother. Lev was handed to his grandmother in the provinces virtually from birth, and when he moved to Leningrad as an adolescent, he already blamed his mother for neglecting him. Akhmatova was certainly impractical, otherworldly, and unschooled in family relationships (having herself been neglected as a child). For long periods of her life, she was barely capable of feeding herself—hence her reliance on the men in her life for moral and material support—let alone a son. Yet she truly loved her son, and the complexity of their mutual dependence added to the alternating feelings of guilt and resentment that Akhmatova experienced toward him, while throwing an interesting light on her poetry, particularly the treatment of the mother-son relationship in *Requiem*.

Feinstein achieves these understandings by paying close attention to the autobiographical writings of both Akhmatova and Lev, and to the extraordinarily rich memoirs of some of the brilliant women who surrounded them, notably Nadezhda Mandelstam, Lydia Chukovskaya, and Emma Gerstein. Most of these memoirs were not available to Amanda Haight, Akhmatova's first English-language biographer (whose book remains indispensable for a fuller and more fluent account of Akhmatova's life), and one would have liked to hear more of what they wrote: their rich Russian voices would have added color and texture.

It should also be said that Feinstein is a good translator. Akhmatova has been much translated over the years. Her classical meters, concise style, and ironic voice present a formidable challenge, and her interpreters have struggled variously to cope. Feinstein seems

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to me to have found as good a way as any to translate Akhmatova's unique voice into idiomatic and modern English. She would do as great a service to her subject by translating more of the poems and publishing them in a separate volume.

Brodsky observed that Akhmatova was unusual among modern Russian poets in that she arrived in the world "with an already established diction and her own unique sensibility. She came fully equipped and never resembled anyone." But what finally matters is what she did with that sensibility and that diction, and the way she responded to the huge responsibility placed on her shoulders by Russian history. What makes the contemplation of her life and work so genuinely uplifting is that it demonstrates the victory of art over politics, the moral and historical superiority of truths to lies. Akhmatova was one of a quartet of great Russian poets—Tsvetaeva, Mandelstam, and Pasternak were the others—who overcame unbelievably savage obstacles to bear witness to the enduring resilience of the human soul.

"I am easier in my mind now," Akhmatova said at the end of her life, when Tsvetaeva and Mandelstam were published again. "We have seen how durable poetry is." Or as Brodsky put it, "Prosody always survives history." Feinstein, too, celebrates the fact that Akhmatova's name will be remembered long after the names of Stalin's henchmen are forgotten. And yet we must not come away from this tale feeling only edified. The story of Akhmatova's spectacularly difficult life is a reminder of the terrible price exacted from human beings by fundamentalist ideas and revolutionary creeds. How many poetic geniuses were silenced at an early age, or died unsung? They should not be forgotten either, even as Akhmatova and her peers are celebrated. That, after all, was one of her reasons for writing *Requiem*. ■

Charles Larmore
The Thinking Thing

THE IDEA OF THE SELF: THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN EUROPE SINCE THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
By Jerrold Seigel
(Cambridge University Press, 724 pp., $75)

"KNOW THYSELF"—*gnothi sauton*—stood inscribed on the walls of the ancient temple at Delphi. According to Plato, the self-knowledge demanded was a keener awareness of man's limitations. Eager to bend the world to our purposes, we easily forget how little we control the course of events and how much we depend on the larger scheme of things. No accident, Plato noted, that the temple also bore the inscription "Nothing in excess."

"Know thyself" is more, of course, than just a reminder to keep in view the reality of the human condition. It addresses each of us singly and directs us to attend to that one being whose limited possibilities are our special and inescapable concern—ourselves. And thus its goal is not merely knowledge, as though our own motives, illusions, and desires were just another very interesting topic about which we ought to become better informed. Knowing ourselves is a good because it serves the deeper relation we have to ourselves by which we are selves at all. This is a relation more intimate than self-knowledge can ever be. Others may know us as well as we do ourselves, and sometimes a whole lot better; but no one can take our place when it comes to deciding what we will do. What makes us the unique selves we are, and turns us into "subjects" responsible for our thoughts and deeds, is that we alone are in the position to choose how we will go on. "Know thyself" points us to ourselves as the thing we most need to know, because it is a call to live with a greater lucidity about the bounds within which we exercise our freedom. In this way, we may live more responsibly.

The self that we seek to know is not therefore some mysterious inner entity, buried under layers of habit and convention. As the reflexive term implies, each of us is a "self" in virtue of a necessary relation that we have to ourselves, and this relation is the everyday fact of it being up to us what we will do. Equally clearly, to know one's self is to realize that the principles and the values shaping our choices are *not* in the end up to us. Modern philosophy, it is true, has sometimes portrayed us as "autonomous" beings, able to legislate for ourselves the terms on which we will deal with the world. But this view (Kant is its classic exponent) also makes a mystery of the self. Even our most momentous choices about how to live rely on standards of reasoning and worth that we must assume to be already in place, if choosing itself is to be intelligible. Like the truths of logic, they bind us from without. We are not selves who also happen to be limited; nothing could be a self unless it were limited in this way.

IT IS EASY, THEN, TO UNDERSTAND the puzzlement that impelled Jerrold Seigel to write his comprehensive history of Western ideas of the self. How, he wondered, could "postmodern" thinkers such as Foucault and Derrida have won over so many with oracular pronouncements about the "death" or the "deconstruction" of the human subject, when the fact that we are selves, finite but real, appears undeniable? Must they not have been supposing that the only way we could count as selves or subjects is if we were—but this is impossible!—the autonomous authors of ourselves? And so Seigel set out to discover how modern thought about the self, in some of its most prominent currents, has gone astray, and whether it might not contain other strands more faithful to our conviction that some things, though not all, are up to us. There must be a middle course between imagining the self to be wholly self-determining and dissolving it among the various biological and social forces running through all that we think and do.

The guiding thesis of Seigel's book is stated at the beginning: "The sense that human beings must be all in order to escape being nothing has belonged more to those who have called the claims of ordinary everyday selfhood into question than to those who have sought some kind

Charles Larmore's most recent book is LES PRATIQUES DU MOI, *which received the Grand Prix de Philosophie from the Académie Française.*

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of fulfillment by way of it." He ranges widely over British, French, and German philosophy from the seventeenth century to the present. Many famous thinkers are discussed at length—Hume and Mill, Rousseau and Bergson, Kant and Hegel, Nietzsche and Heidegger—as well as more obscure figures who deserve to be better known, such as Maine de Biran, an early nineteenth-century French philosopher. Our sense of self, he argued, arises from the "effort" we feel ourselves exerting against the resistance the world offers to our actions. This is a perfect model of how a proper theory of the self should proceed: the very definition of the self ought to underscore its finitude, showing how the relation we inescapably bear to ourselves relates us to what limits us from the outside.

But there are some notable absences from this big book, owing to the arbitrary restrictions, chronological and geographical, that Seigel has imposed on the scope of his inquiry. Montaigne gets short shrift, presumably because he died just before the dawn of the seventeenth century, even though his delight in portraying the mobility of the self set the stage for much of the best thinking that came afterward. Also unfortunate is the exclusion of American philosophers. Nietzsche and Bergson followed closely what Emerson and William James had to say about self-reliance and the open-endedness of experience. Throughout the last two centuries, the Atlantic was never an intellectual barrier in discussions about the nature of the self, and the American contribution has been significant. The book has nothing to say, for instance, about the early twentieth-century pragmatist George Herbert Mead. His subtle analysis of the way that seeing ourselves as others do fosters our individuality, because of the multiplicity of perspectives that we must learn to reconcile, has proved enormously influential for contemporary thinkers, such as Habermas, who believe that "intersubjectivity" holds the key to an understanding of the self.

Oddly, Habermas himself is never mentioned, the twentieth-century chapters focusing exclusively on Heidegger, Foucault, and Derrida. The decision to concentrate on the latter two writers seems dictated more by their notoriety than by their actual achievement as theorists of the self. To take France alone, Sartre (touched on only in passing) and more recently René Girard (never referred to at all) have been far more systematic and innovative thinkers. It is not possible to look at life with the same innocence as before once you have met Sartre's account of how we never truly coincide with ourselves, propelled beyond the present in all we do so as to be essentially "a useless passion," or Girard's dogged exploration of the "triangularity" of desire, uncovering in one domain after another our apparent need to model ourselves on others in order to know what we want.

DESPITE THESE OMISSIONS, Seigel has written an important and invaluable book. He shows a genuine acuity in analyzing philosophical views of often daunting intricacy. Though an intellectual historian by profession, he keeps to a minimum his excursions into the social and cultural context of ideas, recognizing that great minds often outstrip the preconceptions of their age. In fact, Seigel proposes a framework of his own for how we ought to think about the self. But since its merits are held to emerge from a consideration of the insights and errors of the past, let us look first at his historical discussion, and particularly at the philosopher who comes closest to being the hero of this book.

That hero is Locke. In 1694, in the second edition of his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, he took up the topic of the self in a chapter devoted to the broader theme of what constitutes the identity of things over time. Why does a stone count as the same stone, despite being worn down by a river or being heated until it glows? How can a tree be said to be the same tree, even as it grows larger, absorbs food from the environment, and perhaps loses a limb? And in what sense do we continue to be the same person or self, through all the different twists and turns that punctuate our lives? The identity of material objects over time had long been a source of philosophical perplexity, summed up in a famous puzzle from antiquity: if the Athenians, to preserve the ship on which Theseus had returned from Crete, replaced its rotting planks one after the other until finally not a single piece of the original remained, how could they still consider it to be Theseus's ship?

Locke showed little interest in the identity of inanimate things. He focused instead on the other two questions, and in the process he revolutionized modern ideas of the self. His innovation lay in distinguishing more clearly than his predecessors between what it is to be the same "man" and what it is to be the same "person." Someone remains the same man or human being, even while undergoing a series of changes, for the same reason that a tree remains the same tree. "The same continued *life*," Locke observed, is "communicated to different particles of matter, as they happen successively to be united to that organized living body." "Man" is a biological category, and being the same man is defined accordingly. "Person," however, is a different sort of notion. It denotes a "thinking intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, the same thinking thing, in different times and places."

As persons, we are conscious beings, aware not just of the world but of our own minds, and it is through this conscious relation to ourselves that "every one is to himself that which he calls *self*." Our identity over time extends therefore as far back as the thoughts and deeds that we can remember to have been ours, however diverse they may have been. Granted, we are persons only because we are also human beings—in other words, alive and embodied; without a body, there would be no past behavior for us to remember. But we need not go on inhabiting the same body in order to continue to be the same person as before. To illustrate the point, Locke introduced a thought experiment about a prince's soul entering a cobbler's body: the cobbler, he declared, would thereby become the same person as the prince, though certainly not the same man.

This theory of the self was not without its difficulties. Perhaps the most important was the ambiguity surrounding the exact way in which we must always be conscious of ourselves, so as to be "selves to ourselves." Sometimes Locke described that relation as essentially one of self-knowledge. To explain how "thinking consists in being conscious that one thinks," he argued that "it is impossible for anyone to perceive without perceiving that he does perceive." The trouble with such a view is twofold. First, it is irremediably obscure, for we do not literally perceive our own thinking, as though we had a third eye in addition to the other two we use to perceive the external world. "Perceiving" our own thoughts is merely a metaphor, and not a very helpful one at that. For whenever

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we do perceive something in the world, the object is distinct from our perception of it, which is why we may fail in fact to identify it correctly. (The table I see now may look just like the table I saw yesterday, but it may not be the same one at all.) Yet we never mistake our own thoughts for those of someone else, and the consciousness of ourselves that makes each of us a self can hardly be a state of mind distinct from its object. Quite the contrary. Here, subject and object must be one and the same.

At other times, Locke pursued a more fruitful tack. The self, he wrote, is "that conscious thinking thing . . . which is sensible or conscious of pleasure and pain, capable of happiness or misery, and so is *concerned for itself*, as far as that consciousness extends." In a passage such as this, the self's inherent relationship to itself is no longer imagined to be some peculiar and mysterious form of self-knowledge. Our selfhood is now conceived as based in a practical, not a cognitive, relation that we have to ourselves. We cannot but feel implicated in what we think and do because it is up to us which of our possibilities we choose. This is what Locke had in mind when he called the self a "forensic term, appropriating actions and their merit." The self extends as far back into the past as it is able consciously to "own and impute to itself past actions upon the same ground and for the same reason as it does the present."

Seigel does not appear to recognize the tensions in Locke's theory, but he wisely fixes on that line of argument which takes the self to be primarily an agent, whose choices are its alone. The relation to ourselves that in Locke's view makes us the selves we are is not, he observes, "a matter of knowledge so much as of accountability." This point is the occasion for Seigel to take the philosopher Charles Taylor to task for the quite different interpretation that he presented in his magnum opus, *Sources of the Self*. In Taylor's account, Locke is the villain, not the hero. He pioneered the notion of the "punctual" and "disengaged" self that reduces the world to an object of prediction and control, standing back even from its own capacities for thought and action in order to view them too as material to be analyzed and mastered by the rational will. According to Taylor, Locke's conception (which set the stage for the Kantian ideal of autonomy) has exerted a great hold over the modern mind, but it is deeply mistaken. Our self-understandings always derive from some underlying vision of the human good, since otherwise choice itself would lack all meaning and purpose. Locke systematically ignored the role of these framework allegiances in his effort to imagine the self as a kind of Archimedean point, able to detach itself from all prior involvements in order then to take up a more disciplined stance toward the world.

Seigel rightly charges that this picture is a distortion. For Locke at his best, we only count as selves to the extent that we find ourselves already engaged with the world, taking responsibility for our thoughts and deeds, instead of objectifying them as simply further facts to be catalogued and manipulated. It is true (and Seigel skips over this fact) that Locke came to despair of our ever being able to establish the true character of moral right and wrong by reason alone, arguing from "unquestionable principles by clear deductions." "Human reason unassisted," he announced in one of his last works, *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, "failed men in its great and proper business of morality." Revelation has proved indispensable, and moral truths that may now seem self-evident have their real basis in religious teachings.

Still, Locke never doubted that we are first and foremost practical beings, defined by the concern we have for what we shall do, and thus always acting with some good in view. The thesis of Taylor's treatise is that modern thought has generally failed to own up to the ethical sources that give shape to its various conceptions of the self. Seigel's book portrays modern thinking about the self, at least in its most promising strands, as significantly less in the dark about its guiding motivations.

HERE, THEN, ARE TWO WAYS in which Locke exemplifies the sense of proportion that Seigel believes necessary to philosophical speculation in this area. We could not be selves unless we were also human beings, marked by the needs and vulnerability that having a body entails, even if the two concepts—"self" and "human being"—refer to different aspects of our existence. So, too, being a self means being bound up in the world through the purposes that we pursue. We would have no notion of who we are if we were to try to settle from the outside, by some act of self-authorship, the shape that our lives should take as a whole.

There is also a third respect in which Locke serves as a model. He was an empiricist who denied that the mind is endowed with any innate ideas. All our thinking derives from experience and bears the mark of our time and place. Indeed, we must lean on the experience of others, too, for only so can we escape our own narrow orbit and correct the distortions in the way we view not just the world, but ourselves as well. Who we are and how we conceive ourselves is therefore in large part the outcome of our interaction with others. While insisting that we must weigh carefully the credence we give to other people's testimony, Locke also made clear that even then we cannot help but rely on beliefs and interests developed over the course of previous experience, including our life in society. Besides being embodied and engaged, the Lockean self is also socially constituted.

With evident relish, Seigel follows the ever more sophisticated versions of this approach developed by Locke's successors in Britain. He pays particular attention to Adam Smith. In his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Smith explained how our capacity for sympathy, allowing us to feel vicariously the pain and pleasure of others, enables us to see ourselves as they do, moves us to adjust our conduct accordingly, and eventually leads us to take on the perspective of an "impartial spectator," whose imagined reactions set a moral standard for all. In keeping with much recent scholarship, Seigel observes that this psychological theory has a lot in common with the economic theory presented in *The Wealth of Nations*. The

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hoary "Adam Smith problem"—how could the same person have written a work on ethics and a treatise on economics that tells us that "it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest"?—is really no problem at all. Both books analyze social life in terms of exchange, the items in circulation being either commodities or points of view. In fact, Seigel argues that one reason Smith had for championing modern commerce is that, unlike feudal relations of personal dependence, it forces people to interact constantly with strangers and thus encourages habits of impartiality and fairness.

Like Locke, Smith never denied our ability to call into question the reigning opinions of the day. But though we then distance ourselves from the status quo, the principles guiding our judgments about what is wrong and how it is to be changed are ones we have learned through our dealings with others. A hallmark of this British tradition has therefore been its understanding of the self as fundamentally at home in society. As Seigel points out, however, a different attitude prevailed in France.

There, ever since the age of Louis XIV, the relations between self and society have tended to appear in a more sinister light. The dissimulation, pretense, and vying for distinction characteristic of court society have often been perceived as characteristic of social life in general. To live with an eye to what others do means pretending to be what we are not, patterning our desires on those we envy while seeking at the same time to display our own superiority. La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*, published in 1678, provided a canonical statement of this outlook: "We are so accustomed to disguising ourselves from others that we end up disguising ourselves from ourselves." "There are people who would never have been in love," he remarked, "if they had not heard others talking about it," or again, "If we had no pride ourselves, we would not complain about the pride of others."

Rousseau took up the same refrain and turned it into a systematic criticism of society. For him, the impulse to look at ourselves as others do was not, as it was for Smith, the instrument of personal growth. It was instead the motor of alienation and corruption: "Man in society, always outside of himself, knows only how to live through the opinion of others, and it is from their judgment alone that he draws a sense of his own existence." Whether our aim is to fit in or to rise above the herd, we have ceased to be our own person and are defining ourselves by reference to what other people want and do. Not surprisingly, Rousseau had a dimmer view than Smith of the civilizing effects of modern commercial society, which in his opinion served only to create new kinds of dependence, new forms of living under the spell of others, such as fashion and public opinion, that were all the more pervasive for being impersonal.

In another respect too, the *ancien régime* has cast a long shadow over French thinking about self and society. To the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment, committed to the cause of toleration, the monarchy and the church in France appeared to form a vast and immovable apparatus of oppression and superstition, with which they felt themselves at war. Voltaire's battle cry, "*Écrasez l'infâme!*", had no parallel in Britain. Viewing the existing order as the enemy became a habit of mind, and it endured well beyond the fall of the old regime, given all the Revolution's evident failures. Modern capitalist society looked like a system of domination no less inimical to the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

This adversarial stance received its most radical formulation in the writings of Foucault. The self-command that we exercise in organizing our conduct is in reality, he claimed, the expression of power relations operating throughout society at large. We are the product of the "disciplinary practices" by which institutions such as schools, churches, bureaucracies, armies, hospitals, and prisons combine the use of force and various techniques of analyzing human behavior to manufacture the entity called the modern individual. In Foucault's writings through the end of the 1970s, society appears as a ubiquitous web of administrative control to which the self can muster no real resistance, since it is no more than an artifact of that very system—a surface illusion, as it were. The only escape, he intimated, was to break loose from the fetters of individual responsibility and dissolve into the free-flowing energies of the body.

A desperate remedy, to be sure. As Seigel observes, Foucault's bleak vision stemmed from the logic of "all or nothing" that has frequently bedeviled modern speculation about the self: either we govern our relation to the world by principles of our own design, or the self is a fiction. In the years before his death in 1984, Foucault seemed to propose a more hopeful way out. "The care of the self" (*le souci de soi*) became his master concept, denoting the task of self-creation by which we may transform the demands of both the body and society, and turn our lives, so he said, into works of art. Yet this aesthetics of existence, problematic enough in its scorn for moral categories, also confirmed his continuing enslavement to the extremism of all-or-nothing thinking. No longer dismissing the self as a manipulative illusion, Foucault now exalted it as the art of living that we construct for ourselves in order to hold at bay the forces of coercion in the world around us.

Foucault appears never to have recognized that we must already be selves, beings with possibilities that are up to us, if we are to choose to make this enterprise our goal. (He voiced only disdain for "philosophies of the subject.") Nor did he ever acknowledge that projects of self-fashioning, to have some direction, need to rely on prior standards of human good and ill, standards we have come to endorse, moreover, only through the learning process that is life in society. Here as elsewhere, freedom would be nothing if it were not limited.

Seigel evinces considerably less sympathy for French pessimism than for the more upbeat perspective of Locke and his successors. This is understandable, since a wholesale suspicion of society's workings is surely exaggerated, if not self-defeating. Still, Rousseau's anxiety about the inability to be ourselves that living through the eyes of others can produce offers a needed antidote to the complacency displayed by some British thinkers. "The minds of men are mirrors to one another," Hume remarked without any apparent sense of alarm. "Hatred, resentment, esteem, love, courage, mirth, and melancholy; all these passions I feel more from communication [the influence of other people's feelings] than from my own natural temper and disposition." But surely, if that is really true, one ought to be a little worried. The proper stance must be to acknowledge the element of truth in both outlooks,

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to see in the pressures of social life both an impetus to the broadening of our horizons and a threat to our integrity.

This note of caution does not impugn the idea that Locke, more than any other single thinker, is the exemplary modern theorist of the self. Seigel's way of describing his achievement is to contend that Locke saw more clearly than many later and more one-sided thinkers that the self has three fundamental "dimensions." Certainly it is able through reflection to turn in on itself, but it is also embodied (even if not reducible to the body) and socially shaped (though able to examine critically its dependence on others). Seigel calls these three dimensions "reflectiveness," "relationality," and "materiality," and together they make up the "multi-dimensional" framework that he presents as the philosophical moral of his history. Any adequate theory of the self must do justice to all three aspects.

Unfortunately, the metaphor of "dimensions" is rather misleading and points to an important weakness in Seigel's analysis. To talk about the dimensions of the self suggests that they are independent parameters, like the length, width, and height of a solid. But that is the wrong way to think about the relationship between our ability to reflect and our bodily and social existence. These three aspects have a common root that ties them together and that gives reflection the special status of being the means by which we oversee the other two.

When we reflect, we direct our attention to our own beliefs and desires. Yet precisely because they are ours, they already express that core relation to ourselves that constitutes the nature of the self: certain things are up to us, to which we alone are able to commit ourselves. Our beliefs and desires are among them, for they are defined by the commitments that they involve. Believing that the cat is on the mat means undertaking to think and to act in accord with the presumed truth of that belief. We would not count as believing it if we were indifferent to its implications, walking across the mat as though nothing were there. Similarly, desiring that the cat get out of the house means disposing ourselves to act accordingly, should the opportunity present itself.

Yet our commitments sometimes run up against the world itself or other things we care about. Conflicts of this sort are called "problems," and it is in response to problems that we reflect on what we believe or desire, in order to iron out the difficulties we have encountered. If we look again and see no cat, or if someone next to us asks, "Have you seen the cat recently?", or if we realize it is horribly cold outside, then we must pause to wonder whether we should really believe our eyes or want to throw the cat out of doors.

Clearly, reflection is not the most fundamental way in which we exist as selves, and Seigel notes the paradoxes, first pointed out by Fichte, that await any theory that ventures down that road. (How can the self turn back on itself reflectively unless it already exists?) But reflection is the way we monitor our existence as selves and handle the problems that arise when our commitments hit a snag. That is why reflection is not simply one dimension of the self among others. In reflecting, we bring explicitly before the mind, in order to evaluate some instance of it, that basic form of self-relatedness that runs through our lives as a whole. No doubt none of us would be a self, or much of one, if we did not have a body or share in a social world; but what makes that body and that social formation ours, and not anyone else's, is that in them we think and act, choosing what is up to us as each self alone can do.

For this reason, reflection exercises a natural authority over the rest of our existence, enabling us to determine what desires to follow and what customs and expectations to heed. The three aspects are not therefore on a par. Bodily urges and social pressures may overwhelm our powers of reflection, but we cannot regard them as rightfully moving us unless we find, through reflection, some reason to endorse the direction in which they point us. Where Seigel's multi-dimensional framework falls short is that he fails to make clear this common root of the three aspects he distinguishes, and the source of the privileged position that reflection must enjoy.

The trouble with giving reflection pride of place, Seigel believes, is that doing so leads to those extravagant theories of the self that fuel the syndrome of all-or-nothing thinking. Left to its own devices, "reflectivity can promise an unconditional kind of liberty and self-determination, because it seems able to take its distance successively from each and every determinate form of existence, and so be limited by none." But such conceptions, along with the worry that Seigel expresses, rest on a flawed notion of reflection. If reflection is essentially problem-oriented, driven by the need to straighten out the conflicts that have disrupted the ordinary course of our lives, then it harbors no inner tendency to stand back from experience as a whole, as though its task were to mark out the very terms on which we should deal with the world around us. When we reflect, we take our bearings from commitments and standards that count as already settled. Otherwise we would not even know we had a problem, much less have any inkling how to go about solving it. The freedom that makes us the selves we are, the possibilities that are ours because they are up to us, would be unintelligible if not understood as a freedom whose shape is limited from without. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 5

congressman neglects to mention where these numbers came from. It turns out that they are from the same *Los Angeles Times* exit poll that we used in our article. And we don't challenge their validity: "Immigrants" supported Proposition 187 (by a bare majority). But Latino voters definitely did not. As we noted, only 23 percent of them voted for it. That was our point, which gets lost in such pettifogging. Smith goes on to cite the opinion of a journalist that Proposition 187 did not turn Latinos against Republicans. Fine. But he can't claim this to be fact. Our own opinion is that draconian policies like Proposition 187 do not help Republicans earn the loyalty of Latino voters. It appears that the Republicans in the White House agree. But, more to the point of our article, Proposition 187 was bad public policy. Regrettably, Smith neglected to address the substance of our flawed immigration policy, which has captured the attention of so many Americans.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

"Under Analysis" (May 29) incorrectly stated that the National Intelligence Council (NIC) was moved out of the CIA's Langley headquarters. While the NIC reports to the director of national intelligence—and not the CIA director—it still occupies the same office space. We regret the error. ■

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LONDON DIARIST

Kick Off

ABOUT ANYTHING HE TOOK pleasure in—a morning of surprise sunshine, a line-drive double off the wall at Yankee Stadium, a dime found in the gutter—my grandfather always said the same thing: "How do you like that?" He said it slowly, with only the hint of a grin and a slight harrumph, and it always meant that he loved something and wanted me to love it, too.

IT'S WHAT HE ALWAYS SAID OF NEW York. He lived in Flatbush, and I used to visit him there each summer. I'd fly in from Minneapolis, where I lived, TWA wings or a red-and-white striped Delta button pinned to my shirt and a yellow vinyl valise swinging behind me. On the ride in from the airport in his silver Oldsmobile, he'd proudly point out the shining World Trade towers and the remnants of the 1964 World's Fair. "How do you like that?" he'd say. For the two decades I knew him, this was my grandfather's mantra, his profession of pleasure in New York's wonders and delights.

MY GRANDFATHER TOOK PARTICULAR pride in the Yankees teams of those years. They were successful, reaching the World Series four times from 1976 to 1981 (and winning it in 1977 and 1978), and full of character—who wouldn't love (or hate) Reggie Jackson, Catfish Hunter, Thurman Munson, Sparky Lyle, Goose Gossage, and Willie Randolph? But I could only feign interest; much as I followed baseball, soccer was becoming my game. Those were the years of the North American Soccer League (NASL), and there was a team in my hometown: the Minnesota Kicks. They lasted only from 1976 until 1981, but, in those six seasons, the Kicks finished first in their division four times and second the other two, and they drew crowds of more than 30,000 fans to the old Metropolitan Stadium just outside Minneapolis (which was later razed to become the site of the Mall of America). I was one of them.

THE KICKS WERE ABSURDLY APPEALING to an eight-year-old. They wore bright orange and light blue jerseys, their emblem was a freckle-faced boy with an orange Afro, and the team featured unfamiliar faces and accents: There was Alan Willey, an undistinguished English striker with Middlesbrough but a prolific goal-scorer in the NASL; Tino Lettieri, a squat Italian goalkeeper who kept a stuffed toy parrot in the netting behind him during games; and, best of all, Ace Ntsoelengoe, a lanky black South African midfielder. Ace was the Magic Johnson of the NASL, a gifted playmaker with a killer shot and a wide smile. He scored 87 goals in just 244 games—an extraordinary number for a midfielder—and tallied another 82 assists. I may have been his biggest fan.

WERE HE FROM ANY OTHER COUNTRY, Ace would have been an international star—but because South Africa was banned from participating in international games as a sanction against apartheid, he never had the chance. Minneapolis in the 1970s, however cosmopolitan, felt removed from the rest of the world to me, and I confess I had no clue why a black South African would be playing so far from home. But the Kicks nevertheless kindled in me a curiosity about foreign countries and lives. Before long, I was watching the weekly European soccer match broadcast on UHF, as much for the sight of grainy Germans and Italians with bad haircuts and short-shorts kicking the nearly invisible ball as for the strange ads for obscure products (Pirelli? *Die Zeit*?). I loved it all, the way others loved short-wave radio: *Hello, world!*

MY GRANDFATHER TOOK MY SPORTING treason in stride. One summer, he said, "There's a soccer team here in the city, you know. A good one. The Cosmos. Best in the league." He was right. Backed by Steve Ross and Warner Communications, the Cosmos were the richest and glitziest team imaginable. They had signed the captain of West Germany's 1974 World Cup winning squad, Franz Beckenbauer; the Italian striker Giorgio Chinaglia; and, most famously, the great Pelé himself—and were soon drawing enormous crowds to Giants Stadium. Matching the Yankees trophy for trophy, they won the NASL championship in 1977 and 1978—and in 1980 and 1982, too. As Gavin Newsham recounts in *Once in a Lifetime: The Incredible Story of the New York Cosmos*, Warner got Mick Jagger, Barbra Streisand, and other stars to show up at the games, and he enlisted Henry Kissinger's help in bringing Pelé to the team.

BUT I NEVER CHANGED MY ALLEGIANCE, and I cheered when Ace and the Kicks whipped the Cosmos 9–2 in a 1978 playoff game. Eventually, the Cosmos flamed out as brightly as they'd come in. Pelé retired, the money dried up as Warner's other investments (Atari in particular) went sour, and new promotions failed to entice new fans. Meanwhile, TV ratings for NASL games plummeted, and many of its clubs went broke. The league finally folded in 1985.

TODAY'S AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL league, Major League Soccer (MLS), has had less flash but more lasting success. Its twelve teams are solvent, and attendance is robust—at more than 15,000 per game throughout the league. Soccer's popularity continues to rise; one can find a wider selection of cleats for soccer than for baseball at some sporting-goods stores. The MLS has also limited the number of international players each team can include on its roster, thereby giving American players the chance to compete and improve—and American fans the chance to cheer on homegrown talent.

I'M ALL FOR THAT. BUT I MISS THOSE '70s summer days, watching players from England, Italy, and South Africa right there on the field in Minneapolis and wondering what the countries they'd left behind were like. (Eventually, I moved to London and began to find out.) Most of all, I miss Ace Ntsoelengoe. After returning to South Africa in the '80s, he became coach of a leading youth team, was inducted into the U.S. National Soccer Hall of Fame in 2003, and helped South Africa win the right to host the 2010 World Cup. But he died last month, at just 50 years old, the victim of an apparent heart attack in Johannesburg. I'm pretty sure my grandfather never saw him play. But I know exactly what he'd have said if he had. **MATT WEILAND**

Matt Weiland is deputy editor of GRANTA *and co-editor, with Sean Wilsey, of* THE THINKING FAN'S GUIDE TO THE WORLD CUP.

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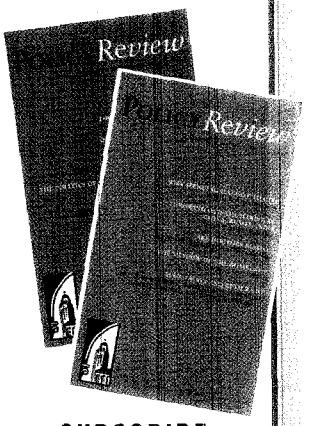

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In the new issue of *Policy Review*

The Shadow of the Bomb, 2006

Keeping nukes away from bad actors

[W]e have to ask: Is it possible for the United States and its friends to agree on criteria for diplomatic initiatives to head off other crises like the one we now face in North Korea and the one looming with Iran? And if the diplomatic initiatives fail in North Korea and Iran, and perhaps elsewhere in the future, will we be able to agree on criteria appropriate for imposing sanctions and, perhaps, eventually for initiating forceful actions against those who insist on moving ahead toward acquiring nuclear capabilities and are behaving aggressively? The experience at the United Nations leading up to the invasion of Iraq shows how difficult that challenge will be. A serious effort to come to such agreements will have to start by restoring and strengthening the international consensus against nuclear proliferation, and defining clear responsibilities and authority for action by the UN Security Council.

—Sidney D. Drell

Are Doctors Biased?

The factors underlying disparities in treatment

Ultimately, improvement in the quality of care and self-care would elevate the status of minority health appreciably. But the greater public-health good would be served by applying these goals to all underserved people rather than focusing on minorities. By focusing on those with the worst health, the targets of intervention will still turn out to be poor minority groups, but they will include lower-class whites as well. For example, establishing screening (for cancer, diabetes, or hypertension) or wellness-education programs in benighted areas such as southeast Washington, D.C., or the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles would benefit all residents and shrink overall racial differentials in health outcome because they would disproportionately target minorities.

—Sally Satel and Jonathan Klick

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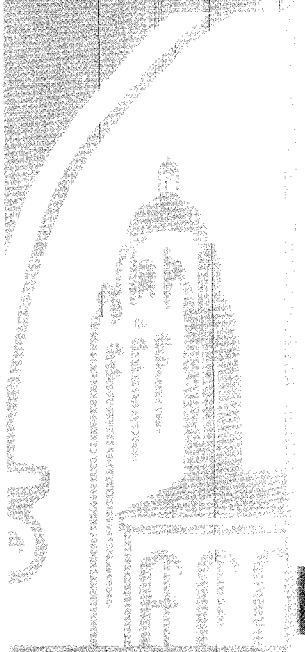

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